C-221-5-b

Wm Bronscombe 30 Oct 07

Northern Messenger

VOLUME XLII. No. 13 MONTREAL, MARCH 29, 1907. 40 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

'THE DAY OF RESURRECTION'

(By John of Damascus, translated by Dr. J. M. Neale.)

'Tis the day of resurrection
Earth, tell it about abroad!
The passover of gladness,
The passover of God!
From death to life eternal,
From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ has brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of resurrection light;
And, listening to his accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own 'All hail!'—and hearing,
May raise the victor strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph,
And all that is therein;
In grateful exaltation
Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
Our joy that hath no end.

The Lord is Risen To-day.

(Carrie L. Sessions, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

Within a tomb so dark and bare
The dear Lord Jesus lay.
His faithful friends with tender care
Bowed low with grief, had laid him there,
While darkness spread o'er earth and sky,
And mournful hearts made sad reply,
'The Lord is dead to-day.'

'Tis Sabbath morn. With spices sweet
The women wend their way.
They long to kneel at His dear feet,
And bring their gifts with love replete.
They near the tomb with tear-dimmed eyes,
And hear these words in glad surprise,
'Thy Lord is risen to-day.'

A shining vision greets them there,
And drives their tears away,
They see the tomb no longer bare,
But filled with joy and hope so fair.
And their glad message bringeth cheer
To all who hold his memory dear—
'The Lord is risen to-day.'

And now within each silent tomb
That vision waits alway;
To take away the chill and gloom,
And bid the flowers of hope to bloom,
By man came death, through Christ came life,
And we, set free from earthly strife,
May rise with Him some day.

Then heart of mine, in Him confide,
Thy Saviour reigns to-day,
Through shadows deep the way He'll guide,
By waters still o'er troubled tide.
Mid partings drear He'll comfort thee
And thou and thine with Him shall be,
For He is risen to-day.

The Lesson of Easter.

What will come to pass when the world shall take seriously the lesson of Easter? Not satisfied with flowers and the sound of music, and congratulations that Christ is risen, what will take place when the world wakes from its own sleep and rises itself? It throws off its grave clothes, it rolls away the stone from the mouth of its tomb. It rises from death. It begins really to live in the eternal life. What then?

A thousand million people, sons of God and his daughters, will begin on that Easter morning, whenever it shall come, to engage themselves in God's affairs first and their own afterward, and then only as their affairs relate to his; as in the rush of a great battle a brave soldier for a few moments forgets his own danger, even his own life, in the determination that the colors shall go forward and a certain ridge be won. On that Easter morning the souls of all men and women, all youths and maidens, all boys and girls, shall start up and control their bodies and their minds. To-day, on the contrary, the body of a man and his mental machinery generally control his soul and keep it under. When of a sudden he acts from faith, or hope, or love, the three attributes of his soul, he sets it down himself as something exceptional. He is a little surprised that it all turns out so well. Life controls the tools, and the treadle and the fly-wheel no longer keep the life down to their pace of dead and mechanical movement. This life is eternal and abundant. This is the secret of life with which Easter has to do, the life of faith and hope and love. —Edward Everett Hale.

Easter Joy.

To the Christian no festival of the year is so full of holy, triumphant joy as this which celebrates the resurrection of our Lord. Advent is a time of mirth; the bells ring out merrily in accord with the gay voices of little children happy because the child Jesus was born under the clear star of Bethlehem. But Easter joy is different. If we enter into its true meaning, we have been with the Christ from childhood to maturity. We have lived with him his life of sympathy for humanty, with its inevitable pain. We have shared his heaviness of Spirit for the sin of the world. We have stood awe-stricken in the shadow of the cross. We have wept with Mary in moments when the sepulchre was the only object through our blinding tears. We have thrilled with happy recognition when we knew his voice. We have heard his commission, 'Go quickly, and tell that I am risen.' We have walked and rejoiced in communion wish our living Lord. All this is included in our Easter joy. It is the settled, calm, and yet exultant joy of experience, tested by trial, mellowed by sorrow, illumined by faith.

'Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord,' The vision of the risen Lord always makes us glad. For if he rose not from the dead, then is our faith vain. But if we see him, know him, talk with him, we know that 'all the promises of God in him are yea, and in him Amen.' The world would be sadly dark without its Easter. Human hearts would be unconsolable without the risen Jesus. Alas that so many, even among those who have hope of eternal life through his death, fail to rejoice in the power of his resurrection. 'Because I live, ye shall live also,' he says. Life is ever victor over death. His life in us is daily victory over all that tends to death. It is victory over sin, triumph over pain, conquest over foes; it is life abundant.

'Not for the trump of doom and judgment hour
Waits, through slow years, the resurrection power.
To-day He lives, to-day His life may be
Eternal life begun, O soul, in thee!'
—'Christian Advocate.'

I Say to all Men, Far and Near.

(Friedrich von Hardenberg.)

I say to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again;
That He is with us now and here,
And ever shall remain.

And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end.

Now first to souls who thus awake
Seems earth a fatherland;
A new and endless life they take
With rapture from His hand.

The fears of death and of the grave
Are whelmed beneath the sea,
And every heart now light and brave
May face the things to be.

The way of darkness that He trod
To heaven at last shall come,
And he who harkens ti His word
Shall reach His father's home.

Now let the mourner grieve no more.
Though his beloved sleep;
A happier meeting shall restore
Their light to eyes that weep.

Now every heart each noble deed
With new resolve may dare;
A glorious harvest shall the seed
In happier regions bear.

He lives. His presence hath not ceased.
Though foes and fears be rife;
And thus we hail in Easter's feast
A world renewed to life!

Risen With Him.

Roll once more the stone away,
Angel of our Easter Day.
Roll away our stone of doubt;
Let us from its prison out.
Roll away our stone of grief;
Breathe into our faith relief.
Roll away our stone of fear;
Let us feel that heaven is near.
Roll away our stone of sin;
Shed thy light where death hath been.
Angel, come from Christ to-day,
Roll our stony heart away;
Stand beside its grave and say:
'One more soul hath risen to-day.'
—Clarence Mills Burkholder.

Rising With Christ.

The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the Magna Charta of the spiritual liberties of the Christian. The familiar Pauline argument tells us that if Christ is not risen everything dies in His death, and nothing of hope or of cheer for the race remains. The New Testament makes every good thing for the believer contingent upon the sublime fact of the resurrection of the Founder of Christianity. The logic of the situation is so evident as hardly it would seem to require statement. Unless Christ rose, nothing could be, but now is Christ risen from the dead, and since He lives all who believe in Him live also with a higher life which is His gift and a promise for the life to come which is indescribably fair and glorious.

The Christian then should humbly yet confidently pass on from the negative way of stating the case, 'If Christ be not risen your faith is vain,' to glory in the positive conviction, 'The Lord is riven, we too shall rise,' and to respond sympathetically to the divine injunction, 'If ye then be risen with Christ seek those things which are above.' There is always an upward look and tendency to the true Christian life. No man can rise with Christ who allows himself to be still weighted down with the cerements of mortal desires or the heavy drag of carnal things. The resurrecting grace of Christ gives wings—to those who are ready to fly—and lifts the willing soul from off the planes of sordid desire and raises it into the upper airs of a rarer, richer spiritual experience. It was this thought that fired the imagination of the poet when he sang:

'Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven Thy dwelling-place!'

There is a tonic influence in the air at Easter time, there is a call to a higher life vibrating in the chimes which then ring gladly out, there is a glow of divine promise to the blooms which then grace the pulpits of the churches. All these things are tokens of immortality. They are intimations of the coming of a better age for the world. They denote the importation into the world, from a higher and heavenly sphere, of a new and quickening energy, which is none other than the grace of Jesus Christ and the power of His resurrection.

Yes, the 'power of His resurrection.' We owe that phrase to Paul. Paul's ambition was to know Christ and the force or energy of the resurrection which He accomplished and accomplishes. This resurrection of Jesus is in the present tense just as much as in the past or future tenses. It is not simply an historic fact, though it is that, but it is also a blessing in which to rejoice now and a hope toward which the believer may look forward in the future. The true believer, who yields himself in perfect obedience to the rule of Christ, is being constantly resurrected, experiencing day by day new and more invigorating importations into his life of the quickening heavenly grace. These anticipatory resurrections all look forward to and prophesy of the final rising from the dead in perfect holiness in the Last Day.

Too much cannot be made of Easter when it is celebrated as a spiritual feast and an inward resurrection. What may be called the trappings of Easter are but the visible tokens of an invisible regenerative process. That soul begins at once to rise, in the scale of intelligence, in moral capacity, in spiritual power and perception, that has Christ in it as its 'hope of glory.' There is no possible resurrection for the individual or for the race apart from the grace and gift of Jesus Christ as the Redeemer. Let the Easter bells peal out, let the grand anthems roll out from organ and choir loft, let the fairest flowers be plucked to adorn the chancels and the pulpit stairs, but let it be remembered all the while, that it is Jesus Christ who makes Easter, and that only the soul united to Him by faith, has in it any promise of life or has given it any sure hope for the unnumbered ages of a swiftly approaching eternity.—New York 'Observer.'

LESSON,—APRIL 7, 1907.

Jacob's Vision and God's Promise.

Gen. xxviii., 1-5, 10-22. Memory verses 13, 14.

Golden Text.

Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest. Gen. xxviii., 15.

Home Readings.

Monday, April 1.—Gen. xxviii., 1-22.
Tuesday, April 2.—Gen. xxix., 1-20.
Wednesday, April 3.—Gen. xxxi., 1-16.
Thursday, April 4.—Gen. xxxi., 17-35.
Friday, April 5.—Gen. xxxi., 36-55.
Saturday, April 6.—Isa. xli., 1-14.
Sunday, April 7.—John i., 45-51.

For the Junior Classes.

To-day is the first Sunday in April, and spring is with us at last. Soon we shall be watching for the flowers to come out, for we all love the little flowers, they are so beautiful. Who can tell me what these are? (showing a handful of mixed seeds). Yes, of course you know in a general way that they are seeds, but now let us see if you can tell anything more about them. This, for instance, what will this grow into? (Holding up a bean). So you all know that, and some of these others are as easy to recognize as that (picking out various well-known forms, such as the nasturtium, pea, etc.), but among them may be some of the most destructive weeds that we have, and very few of you would be able to pick them out. Who, for an example, could tell what the seed of the burdock is like? You all know the little burr that holds the seeds and sticks so tightly on to our clothes, but the little seed does not show any signs of growing up into that great leaved plant that grows as tall as many a bush. But we do know that the seeds we set will grow up into the corresponding plant, and no one would expect to grow a pansy by planting any kind of seed at all. No matter how much you may hope your garden will turn out right, if you are not careful what seed you plant all the wishes and hopes in the world will not make any difference. Now the little acts and habits that we plant in our lives are like the seeds, and you cannot expect to plant a wrong habit that will grow up into a beautiful flower of character. If we plant a thorn seed we may be sure to suffer from the scratches by-and-bye. We have been studying lately about a man who, when he was a boy began to plant an ugly seed of selfishness, later we saw that it had blossomed into very nasty flowers, and in to-day's lesson we see how he had to suffer from its poisonous thorns.

While showing the children how Jacob had to bear the results of his own deceitful selfishness show how God was ready to lead and help him to better things if he was willing to follow His guidance.

For the Seniors.

It will be quite easy to take up the story of Jacob where the study left it three Sundays ago, as there is practically no time intervening. Verses 34, 35, of chapter 26, and the last verse of chapter 27, will explain the pretext on which Rebekah sought to send Jacob away. The brothers were now about fifty-seven years of age, and the two wives which Esau had taken from among the Hittites or descendants of Heth, had evidently proved by no means congenial. Rebekah, fearing for her favorite son's safety at the hands of the incensed brother, yet did not care to let Isaac know of the great bitterness engendered by Jacob's act. She chose rather to offer a very real grievance, as her language shows it to have been, as sufficient reason for Jacob's leaving home. Yet he seems to have left in a hurry, and, although the acknowledged heir of a wealthy chieftain, to have gone without attendants, in sharp contrast to the retinue that accompanied Eliezer on his journey in search of a wife for Isaac. Although the chosen heir of God's promises, he was leaving home in fear of his life from a justly indignant brother, and God in no way palliates his offense or lightens his punishment. He must reap the harvest of his own sowing, but the Divine Presence is promised him, and with the assurance of God's care he vows he will recognize the power that leads him.

(Selections from Tarbell's 'Guide.')

The True Staircase by which Heavenly Messengers ascend and descend is the Son of Man. It is He who really bridges the interval between Heaven and earth, God and man. In His person these two are united. You can not tell whether Christ was more divine or human, more God or man—solidly based on earth, as this massive staircase, by His real humanity, by His thirty-three years engagement in all human functions and all experiences of this life, He is yet familiar with eternity, His name is 'He that came down from Heaven,' and if your eye follows step by step to the heights of His person, it rests at last on what you recognize as divine. His love it is that is wide enough to embrace God on the one hand, and the lowest sinner on the other. Truly He is the way, the staircase, leading from the lowest depths of earth to the highest height of Heaven.—Marcus Dods.

It is a grand doctrine, an inspiring doctrine, this of the divine omnipresence. But do we think of God as present with us personally in all the experiences of life? Such a thought of Him is infinitely more needful, infinitely more precious, than any theory of His omnipresence. You know that a true friendship must have in it a wide and generous sympathy with all the trouble that there is in the world. But when trouble comes to you, you want to be sure that your friend knows of it, and feels it, and is ready to help you bear it. A general thought of your friend's goodness is not enough. What you long for is a saving presence of a personal sympathy. It is not otherwise in our relation to God. What we want, to speak plainly, is to feel that God knows what happens to us, and is with us while it happens, and loves us steadily and tenderly through it all. —Henry van Dyke, in 'The Open Door.'

After sixty years of public life I hold more strongly than ever to this conviction, deepened and strengthened by long experience, of the reality, the nearness, and the personality of God.—Gladstone.

(From Peloubet's 'Notes.')

This is none other (or, 'than') the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven. Not a literary sanctuary, but merely the spot where he had come nearest to God, and therefore a very precious place to him henceforth, as all such places will be to us. The gate of heaven is 'any place where God lets down the ladder. And how are you to determine where it may be, but by being ready for it always?' —Ruskin.

'Wherever upward, even the lowest round,
Man by a hand's help lifts his feebler brother,
There is the house of God and holy ground:
The gate of heaven is love; there is none other.'

—Lucy Larcom.

And took the stone that he had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar. Thus observing an ancient and natural custom, other examples being the Mizpah pillar, and Joshua's pillar set up after the passing of the Jordon. 'The finger pointing heavenward is one of the earliest and simplest forms in religious symbolism; and it seems to be this form which lies equally at the base of the Egyptian obelisk, the Phœnician stélé, the Babylonian ziggurat, the primitive dolmen, and the tower or spire of a Christian cathedral.'—Rawlinson.

'On the drive from Hebron,' says Charles G. Trumbull, 'I was led to inquire the meaning of the little single pillars of round stones (much like our cobblestones) found here and there upon the roadside. Sometimes five stones, but oftener four, were piled one on the other, each one being carefully placed with a view to proper balance. These proved to be "memorial stones." Greek pilgrims of Jerusalem and the holy places of Palestine, out of gratitude to God for a safe journey thus far on the way, erect a stone.'

Saying, if God will be with me, and will keep me. This is not fairly taken as a mercenary vow, an outcropping of Jacob's spirit of bargain-driving. 'His "if" is equivalent to "since"—"Since God is going to be with me, and to keep me, and give me all I need, and bring me back to my father's house in peace, I for my part pledge myself that he, and he alone, shall be my God; and further I pledge myself to render him that tenth of all my possessions, which is traditionally fixed as the right and proper proportion." '—Rawlinson.

Bible References.

Heb. i., 14; I. Tim. ii., 5; II. Cor. vi., 14; Heb. i., 1, 2; Acts xvii., 27, 28; John i., 51; Psa. iv., 8; Prov. xv., 3; John xiv., 6.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, April 7.—Topic—The consecration of one day in seven. Jer. xvii., 19-27. (Consecration meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

TRUST.

Monday, April 1.—Trusting God, we can forget fear. Ps. xxvii., 1.

Tuesday, April 2.—Trusting God, we are strong. Ps. lxxiii., 25, 26.

Wednesday, April 3.—Trusting, we are guided aright. Ps. cxliii., 8-10.

Thursday, April 4.—Trust and praise.—Ps. xl., 1-4.

Friday, April 5.—Trust and work. I. Tim. iv., 8-10.

Saturday, April 6.—Trust in God's goodness. Nah. i., 7.

Sunday, April 7.—Topic—What is it to trust God? Prov. iii., 5, 6. (Consecration meeting.)

A BEAUTIFUL ROYAL GROUP

(in purple)

Fit for framing.

MUNKACSY'S FAMOUS PICTURE

(12 x 24 inches)

"CHRIST BEFORE PILATE."

This large picture should be framed and hung in every home.

In the MARCH

Canadian Pictorial

Ten Cents a Copy. Dollar a year.

The Pictorial Publishing Co.,
142 St. Peter Street, MONTREAL.

Messenger Coupon

Those who take the 'Messenger' through Sunday Schools or other clubs, may get the 'Pictorial' separately by using the attached coupon.

....

John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.

Dear Sirs,—Enclosed please find SIXTY CENTS, for which send me the 'Canadian Pictorial' for one year.

NAME.... .. ..

P. O.. ....

DATE..... ....PROV.... .. ..

N.B.—When getting the 'Messenger' through a Sunday School, please give name and address of superintendent and pastor.

THE RED, RED WINE:

A TEMPERANCE STORY.

THE REV. J. JACKSON WRAY'S LAST STORY.

PUBLISHED BY PERMISSION OF WILLIAM BRIGGS, TORONTO.

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

'Tom Smart lives i' Soo'gat', right at the town end. If he gets work again wi' Farmer Barrass, up i' Northgat' right at t'other end, he'll hev to pass the oppen doors of a baker's dozen of drink shops licensed by the law of England to trip up Tommy Smart an' fling him on his back in the dike he's just gotten oot with his bare life. Let's see noo—

'There's t' "Blue Bell" to begin wi', just opposit his aun hoose; Black Bell I call it, for it's tollin' every day the passin' bell for somebody. There's the "Barleycorn." My word! What crops an' harvest o' sin an' misery has sprung fre' that devil's grain o' corn. There's t' "Red Lion," at the corner, seekin' whom he may devour. There's t' "Sportsman's Arms," where the devil is the sportsman, gin, rum, beer, and brandy, them's the dogs, and t' game is poor fools like Tommy Smart, that are sure to get hunted down. There's the "Grapes," that calls itself an inn, an' thinks itself a peg aboov' its brother pubs. But what's in a name? A drink-shop by ony other, wad smell as foul, and do the devil's work as thoroughly. There's the "Half Moon," which is sign o' the half-lunatics that spend their time there. There's t' "Cross Keys," t' oppen t' gate o' poverty, on one hand, and the door of death on t' other. There's a little dram-shop called the "White Swan," which is the only thing white aboot it. There's the "Griffin Inn," Just the sign for a drink-shop, "Griffin" is. It's all teeth and claws, with a sting for a tongue, and another in its tail. It's a picthur to the life o' the dragon Alcohol. Then there's the "Star,"—Lucifer, I expect, that wad bring doon a third part of Netherbro' to ruin. Opposite the toon-pump, the one spot where you can get good liquor, there's the "Bay Horse." I know mair than one or two that it hez carried to the grave at a gallop. There's the "Red Cow," that's poor Tommy Smart's favorite resort. He goes to get such milk as she can cheat 'im wi'; gets milked dry hisself. There's the "Angel Inn,"—a fallen un, of course, and makin' others fall. There's the "Dog and Duck." That's the lan'lord an' tippler. Poor Duck! the dog generally finishes him, feathers an' all. Then there's the "Black Swan"; nae wunder it's black, seein' the sort o' river it swims on. Noo, Mr. Hayes, hoo monny ha' yo' ticked off?'

'Bless me!' said Mr. Norwood Hayes, in much surprise, 'why, that is fifteen public houses!'

'Aye,' said Aaron, his voice trembling with strong feeling, 'a public house to every six score o' the population. An' men like Mr. Norwood Hayes are content to let the murderous rapine go on unhindered. "Christian" Cains wear nae averted faces noo-a-days, because their brand is not on their broo, as it was on t' fost o' that name, only on their conscience, an' "what the eye can't see the heart doesn't grieve effer;" but it will both see an' sorrow some day—some day, Mr. Hayes,—some day soon.'

Mr. Norwood Hayes was silent. What was he to say? What could he say? Nothing!

'Noo then,' continued Aaron, after a brief pause, 'Tom Smart will have to pass all these places twice ivery day! All with widely-open doors; most on e' rank, even outside the door, wi' the smell o' drink; an' he wi' that awful cravin' on him all the tahme! The Christian magistrates o' Netherborough, and among them at least one Christian minister, have deliberately licensed these mischief-makin' haunts! They have given 'em leeave an' liberty, to catch, if they can, an' fling back this poor victim into the hell of sin an' misery oot o' which the fingers of his own lahtle bairn hez fetched him. Do yo' hear me?' said the old man, his voice rising in the intensity of his feelings.' 'They are licensed to seize hold o' poor lahtle Kitty's fingers, an' untwine 'em wi' their own brutal claws, an' send her feyther to death an' ruin befoore her eyes! O God, for this mad England that such a thing can be!

CHAPTER XVII.

At length Jennie Bardsley was able to resume her labors in the Sunday School. On that first Sabbath morning of her return to her much-beloved work, she accompanied her friend, Alice Hayes, to Zion Chapel, and sat with her in the Hayes' pew. The service was conducted as usual by the pastor, the Rev. Daniel Dunwell, all except the giving out of the hymns, and reading of the notices.

Mr. Dunwell was, as I have already said, a preacher of unusual ability, and wide popularity. He was a man of fair complexion; he had no facial feature that struck you definitely as noteworthy, and in this respect his face was an index to his mental constitution, for that, too, wanted definiteness; it had in it a little too much of the willow, a good deal too little of the oak. There was, however, a singular combination in his expression of intelligence, kindliness, seriousness, and humor.

Jennie Bardsley was greatly impressed by the sermon Mr. Dunwell preached that morning. She felt as if it must have been made and spoken purposely for her, and that it was, indeed, a part of the call that had come to her from God. God's calls to duty come to men and women in many ways. I myself would fain be his messenger if I may, and I will therefore report here something of what Mr. Dunwell had said.

'And thou shalt be a blessing.' That was the text that morning. 'I hold,' said the preacher, 'that true religion has its centre and life in the previous words, "I will bless thee," and that it has its circumference and activity in these words, "Thou shalt be a blessing." Abraham received a blessing from God, so he became a blessing to men. Out of the first came the last. True religion is the death of selfishness, and Christianity only fully fulfils its mission when it destroys all aims and motives which are either indifferent to or opposed to the well-being of other people. The Christian is his brother's keeper, and the more Christly he is, the more he finds it a joy to fulfil that obligation.

'To the little band of men whom He had chosen out of the world, the Master said, "Ye are the light of the world." He had kindled among them the glow of a living flame, not that they might pick out their solitary way by the light of it—not that they might sit around it, and say, "Aha, I am warm," but that men might see it and feel its power.

'It is given to every true Christian, not so much to carry a torch as to be a torch. He himself is to be set alight; he is to move through the world's sad shadow-land, a peripatetic illumination, showing the beauty of goodness, and the tender love of Christ. It is not enough that you are not a curse; that you work no harm. The poisonous Upas tree and the barren fig tree shall both be cast into the fire. The captured rebel caught red-handed, and the sentinel asleep at his post, are alike doomed to die. You must be a blessing.

'And, O, the joy of it! In the Holy Land, says tradition, there lived a man called Eliab, whom God had blessed with much wealth. He was also cunning in the wisdom of the East. But all this could not bring peace to his heart, or satisfaction to his mind. He was often full of sorrow, and felt his life to be a burden that he would fain lay down. Then a man of God came to him, and showed him an herb possessed of wonderful healing virtues. But Eliab said, "What is that to me? My body lacks not health. It is my soul that is diseased. It were better for me to die.' "The herb will do thy heart good," said the man of God "Take it, and go and heal seven sick men with it. Then, if thou wilt, thou mayest die"'

'Eliab listened to the voice of the man of God. He took the wondrous herb, and went forth and sought sin and misery in their hiding-places. He healed seven sick people. He rescued a man from a great peril. He prevented a young man from going forward on a harmful venture. He brought smiles to the face of a tearful child. He succored the poor with his riches. Then the man of God came again to him and said, "Here is the herb of death; now thou mayest die." But Eliab said, "God forbid! My soul longs no more for death; for now only have I discovered the joy of life."'

Mr Dunwell concluded his sermon by saying, 'Every Christian has that herb of life, and every Christian may have that joy of life. In proportion as he is a blessing, he has a blessing; the approval of his conscience, the smile of his God, the love of his kind, and the delight in doing good. Like the sun his course shall be

"Right away down to the golden west
Bountiful, beautiful, blessing and blest"'

This wholesome and generous doctrine, and the preacher's way of putting it, made a great impression on Mr. Dunwell's congregation; and to Jennie Bardsley, especially, they came as an apt and timely revelation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'Good morning, Miss Jennie,' said Mr. Norwood Hayes, who had been too much engaged with his diaconal duties to greet her at an earlier moment, and now joined them on his homeward way, 'We are all delighted to see you up and about again. The old chapel has never looked like itself in your absence. We all thank God for your return to health.'

As usual, Mr. Hayes was hearty and genial; winsome in mien and manner. No wonder he was so greatly liked. Jennie warmly appreciated his good feeling.

'Have you had a good time this morning?' Jennie asked. 'Alice doesn't seem to have been "hit in the right place."'

'Ha! ha! ha! Perhaps she wasn't there,' said Mr. Hayes. 'Alice has a peculiar faculty for disposing her "seeming self" in a decorous attitude in her pew, and then making excursions with her natural self into the surrounding, or even into distant, countries. It's quite wonderful, I assure you, how often and how far she can come and go between the first prayer and the Benediction.'

'All right, my honored sir,' quoth Miss Alice, in a tone of warning, lifting a threatening finger, 'wait until I get you home.'

Mr. Hayes evidently had a due regard to the possible consequences, for he deprecated the idea of punishment, and made timely surrender.

'Yes, Jennie, I had a good time,' he said, returning to the question which had been put to him, 'and so, I suppose, had everybody, with the possible exception of Alice the absent. Such a life as the pastor sketched for us this morning is worth living. Whatever the carping critic may say to the contrary, I endorse every word he said, and have had my resolution confirmed and strengthened to be a blessing.'

(To be continued.)

Just a Hint.

As a very little increase of high-class general advertising would enable us to greatly improve and enlarge the 'Messenger,' it is to the interest of our readers to mention the 'Messenger' whenever answering advertisements in its columns, and so encourage good advertisers.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Growing Up for God.

(Maud Consall, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

A boy once watched a gardener, who with a handful of lily bulbs, was walking towards some freshly turned earth. And, my, weren't those bulbs excited! Some were trying their utmost to squeeze through the gardener's fingers.

'I'd just like to roll down there and stay in that corner where he couldn't get me,' said one. 'I know he wants to put us down in the earth to die, and we will have to give up our nice shape, and this fine coat of dark brown will all be spoiled down there; I know I'd just rather be myself. I am going to roll out between his fingers, and all who want to, come follow me.'

So several of the bulbs rolled down into the corner and became all hard and dry. But the others said: 'No, he has taken such care of us all winter, we guess we will trust him now.' So they stayed in the gardener's hand, and he took them and planted them in the place he had prepared for them.

Now, when the bulbs found themselves in the dark and felt the gardener pressing the earth hard upon them, they thought they were having a pretty bad time down there. They were to have things still worse, however, for their hard outside coats become soft in places, and they suffered very much. They could not even feel the gardener's hand as when he had pressed them down. They became greatly discouraged, but one bulb, which had lain in the centre of his hand and had been really able to hear the pulse of his heart, encouraged the rest and said: 'Let us not be so disturbed, but trust him. I believe he is somewhere near watching and still caring for us.' And he was right. For every morning the gardener came and watched the spot where he had placed the bulbs.

One morning after they had suffered so that they felt as if nothing was left of their old selves, they seemed to hear a voice telling them to push up higher, and it was such a cheering voice and had so much strength in it that they really tried to follow. So in among the parts of earth the little bulbs reached little timid hands up, up, and still up.

'Oh! will it ever become easier,' one of them said. 'It is so hard with these things to fight all the time.' 'Yes, I am sure it will be easier by and bye,' said the hopeful one, who was always ready to encourage them. On they struggled.

Each morning the gardener watched, and after a little time (though it seemed to the bulbs a long, long time), when he came near one morning, there were numbers of little leaves, two by two, just peeping up from the ground. He was pleased and attentively cared for them. But the bulbs kept pushing higher and higher, and how they enjoyed the life which was now theirs. They found it much easier than it had been.

Still the one bulb kept urging them: 'Let us get higher still, I'm sure the gardener has something better for us.' The gardener saw they had just enough sunshine and just sufficient shade, and water just when it was needed.

The wind came softly and whispered to the bulbs: 'Just bend your stems a little to the side, you can grow just as well and it is more graceful.' Some of them were so busy pushing upward that they paid no attention, but a few, who thought the wind meant no harm, bent once, thinking they would like to be graceful. But as they did so they felt themselves brushing the stem next to them. At first they thought that would not matter, but they knew how careful the gardener was not to let anything touch them, and then they thought he would not be pleased with their leaning over, one against the other.

It seemed the higher up they grew the more they thought of what he would like. That morning when the gardener passed, he saw what the wind had done, and he tenderly lifted up the stems which were drooping. Then the bulbs understood that he wanted them to grow very straight, and they knew that was the reason he had so closely planted them.

One day the boy went out into the garden and saw row after row of beautiful white lilies, and he knew they were from the bulbs he had heard talking. 'Why, lilies, how lovely and fine you are now,' he said. 'Yes, isn't it wonderful,' they replied, 'and to think the gardener know this would be so from the first. You see, we were all wrapped up in ourselves, and we hardly knew one another, but now each can see the other in full beauty.'

'At first we wanted to roll away from each other, but now we are planted so firmly together that nothing can move us. And to think, this is the gardener's home where we live. Every time he comes here we all smile and bow our heads to him, because we want him to know in some way how grateful we are for all he has done.'

The boy thought of what the lilies had said and he understood what they were trying to teach him, and he accepted their instruction. For he gave himself to God, and God helped him to grow to be a Christ-like man, and he constantly reached up higher and higher, and tried to help others upward, too.

Some thought he should be satisfied when he had attained a certain height, and they told him so. But he remembered the message of the lilies and said: 'No, I'm sure I must press on. This is not all of God's thought for me, I must reach higher still.' Then he thought further of what the lilies had told him, and knew it had not yet been made known to him what he should be, and he said: 'I will not have reached my full beauty until the Father takes me to live with Him where only is such perfection, and then I shall praise Him as I ought.'

Risen With Him.

(Alice May Douglas, in the 'S. S. Advocate.')

'Easter, the day in which Christ arose.' This is what Mary was saying to herself as she stood before her mirror, arranging her toilet for church. 'Christ has risen, Christ has risen. That is what all are saying; and what does it mean? Does it mean that Christ has risen from the grave for me? Certainly. But what good will that do me unless I take Him for my Saviour?'

She said no more, but, having arranged her neck and hair satisfactorily, she took up her Bible and began to study her Sunday school lesson. It was the sweet old story of the visit of the Marys to the garden and of their joy at beholding their Lord.

But the girl's thoughts were not with the lesson; they were upon herself, for she was feeling the need of a Saviour as she never had before. She could not tell why such troublesome thoughts should come to her, but come they did, and she was extremely anxious to be freed from them.

She started early for church in order to call for Kathie Leonard, her school chum. She was surprised to see Miss Skelton, their Sunday school teacher, there also.

'I am so glad to see you here,' began Miss Skelton, in her own pleasant way. 'I was intending to call all for you also. You see, there is to be a special prayer-meeting this morning, since it is Easter, and I wanted all of my girls to be there.'

'Very well,' answered Mary.

Neither of the girls were in the habit of attending prayer-meetings, and they were not particularly desirous of attending this one; however, they could not very well refuse to go since their teacher, who was dear to them both, was so anxious to have them go, and since they were to attend church anyway.

The meeting was held in one of the Sunday school class-rooms, and was led by Dr. Wren, the pastor. About a dozen were seated about the room, and to the surprise of the girls these were all young people. 'I don't believe the old folks have been invited,' whispered Kathie to Mary, and this proved to be the case.

Dr. Wren offered a brief prayer, and then began to invite all who had not yet accepted Christ as their Saviour to do so. 'Make this the most important day of your life,' he said, 'by doing the most important duty that God has ever placed upon you. You were all born into this world for the sole purpose of becoming sons of God. Will you not let Him, therefore, take you to-day into His household? Let this be an Easter indeed to your souls, my friends, and you will never regret it.'

There was now a hush of a few moments. The Spirit of God seemed to be working mightily upon the hearts of the young men and women for whom Dr. Wren had been praying privately for several weeks previous for the conversion of each.

'Now is my opportunity,' thought Mary. 'This is the very chance I have been wishing for; but oh, it is so hard for me to make up my mind to say that I will be a Christian.'

'If those who are Christians feel so disposed they might give a word of invitation,' proposed Dr. Wren.

Several of the young people who were members of the church accordingly arose and told how much Christ was to them and how much He might be to their friends present, would those but accept Him.

And accept Him they did, not all at once, but one by one. Mary was the first to arise and ask for prayers; Kathie was the next, then Lutie Bonds, their cousin, then two or three others. When no more could be induced to yield up their wills prayers were offered for those who had requested prayers. They themselves were instructed to pray. To some, Mary and Kathie among them, the light of God's acceptance came immediately. Others needed a little more instruction and prayer before they would be able to realize that their peace was really made with God, but the meeting could not be held longer. It was necessary for all to go to the preaching service in the auditorium.

And this was a beautiful service to all, especially to Mary, and as the glad Easter songs arose she felt that the Easter had indeed come to her heart, flooding it with gladness, for now had her will become that of God.

Consider the Lilies.

(Mrs. George Paull, in the 'American Messenger.')

Consider the lilies of the field,
How trustfully they grow.
Their glowing chalices have not been wrought
By anxious toil, nor have they taken thought
How they shall thrive, but tall and fair
They drink the sunlight and the air,
Each from God's hand,
As he has planned,
And thus the lilies grow.

Consider the lilies of the field,
How peacefully they grow,
Their Father's love and care they question not,
Nor murmur at their own apportioned lot
Both sun and storm to them fulfil
God's thought for them. All is his will.
God's way is best,
They leave the rest,
And thus the lilies grow.

Consider the lilies of the field,
How royally they grow,
Not Solomon in all his proud array
Was clad like one of these, which for a day
Lives to praise God, then scorched and dried,
Its glory gone, is cast aside,
Clothed by God's hand,
Their beauty planned,
'Tis thus the lilies grow.

Consider the lilies of the field,
How upwardly they grow,
If God so cares for them and makes them fair
For their brief day, shall He not much more care
Oh, ye of little faith, for you?
His tender mercies still are new.
Then trust his love
And look above,
E'en as the lilies grow.

At Easter.

O youths and maids in glad array,
Adorn your King's triumphant way,
Who rose from death to life this day.
Alleluia!

On Sunday as the morn came on,
Early were two disciples gone,
An empty tomb they gazed upon.
Alleluia!

Rich spices Magdalen prepared,
Which Mary and Salome shared;
They to embalm their Lord repaired,
Alleluia!

An angel clothed in dazzling white
Foretold the Lord of life and light
In Galilee would glad their sight.
Alleluia!

To see the wonders this day done,
Saint Peter with Saint John had run;
The tomb Saint John before him won.
Alleluia!

'Mid his disciples Jesus stood,
He came to comfort them, and would
Salute them all with peace and good.
Alleluia!

But Didymus, when all the rest
Christ risen from the dead confessed,
Doubt still the Apostle's mind oppressed.
Alleluia!

'Come hither,' Thomas,' Jesus cried;
'See my pierced hands and feet and side,
Renounce thy unbelief and pride!'
Alleluia!

When Thomas saw him he adored,
His guilty unbelief deplored,
And cried: 'Thou art my God and Lord!'
Alleluia!

Blessed are they who not by sight,
But hearing have believed aright.
They shall enjoy eternal light.
Alleluia!

On this most holy festal day
Our praise and jubilee we pay,
And blessing God devoutly pray,
Alleluia!

Let humblest thanks for gifts of grace
To God in all our hearts have place,
Till we behold him face to face.
Alleluia!

—Old Latin Office Hymn for Easter.

Tucks and Hems.

An Easter Story.

(Mrs. Annie Hamilton Donnell, in the 'Congregationalist.')

Meg unrolled her sleeves. That was the signal.

'Ready!' she cried, gayly, and all the little Cooks flocked to the story-telling. Meg always told them a story as soon as the supper dishes were washed. It helped out the supper a good deal. You'd be surprised how much it helped the supper out! On nights when there was very little supper there was a good deal of story.

There were six little Cooks, and they tumbled over each other in their hurry. The smallest one cried.

'Go back, and do it over again,' commanded Meg, sternly. 'You ain't a flock o' sheep—I'm ashamed o' yer! Ladies fust, boys, remember—now!' And once more they tried it. This time Meg allowed them to settle down in their customary semi-circle in front of her. Everything was ready for the story.

''Bout a fairy—please a fairy,' pleaded little Caroline, eagerly.

'Fairy nothin'! Tell a r'p roarer 'bout a giant an' a—a tiger,' cried Jem.

'Oh, yes, jigers and tiants!' piped the little echo Cook, getting things mixed, as usual.

'Hush!' said Meg, waving her little, lean, brown finger at them, 'you all keep still—it's me that's talkin'. An' don't any o' you howl—mind, now!—at what I'm goin' to say fust. It ain't going' to be a story to-night'

Six little Cooks scarcely repressed six large howls. Not a story! An' they'd expected such a big one 'count o' their bein' only a slice o' bread apiece at supper. One slice, a reg'lar long story; two slices, a fair-to-middlin'er; three slices, just a plain story. Wasn't it always like that?

'It's goin' to be about Easter—that's what I'm goin' to talk about this time,' continued Meg, firmly. 'O, you'll like it all right, after I get started! Of course you'll like Easter! Why—why, it's the beautifullest Sunday ever was, you know.'

'Don't know, neither,' muttered Jem, rebelliously; 'ain't any different from other Sundays'—

'James Cook! You better shut your mouth up, quick, before a bear comes out o' the woods an' bites your wicked tongue for sayin' that. Don't you know that 'twas on Easter Sunday mornin' the—Lord rose outer the grave?' Her voice sank to reverent gentleness at the mention of the holy name. All the little Cooks grew still and awed.

'I—I'd forgot,' muttered Jem, softly.

'Well, then, that's why it's goin' to be such a beautiful Sunday,' went on Meg. 'An' we're—goin'—to—celerbate—it. Yes, we are—I've been thinkin' it out to-day. We're all goin' to. There's a way, but I tell you I had the awfulest time thinkin' it out! The trouble was clo'es, you know. Yer have to look reg'lar good, Easter, anyway. 'Course—that's part. But I've fixed it.' Meg paused and nodded round the semi-circle triumphantly. 'I know how we can do it, the hull lot of us. Guess.'

But no one was equal to it. Janie was the only one of the six little Cooks who had a 'reg'lar good' dress and Jem was the only one with 'reg'lar good' trousers. Six into two, you can't.

But Meg could. Her eyes shone with the joy of inspiration. She clasped her hard little hands round her knee and rocked back and forth with a slow, weaving motion.

'I've thought it out! I've thought it out!' she laughed to herself, softly. 'You all listen—this is it. I'm goin' to take up two tucks in Janie's dress an' baste up two hems in Jemmy's pants. Then we'll go round to the churches to see the flowers, in three layers, don't yer see? It's easy 'nough. First I'll take Stevie an' Littl Un—thy're the smallest—an' then I'll let down one tuck an' one hem o' Jemmy's pants, an' take Car'line 'n' Jeffy. Then, don't yer see, I'll let down the other tucks an' there'll be Janie an' Jem! You two'll have to be the last layer, because you're the biggest.'

Meg stopped for breath. Intense admiration was plain on the six little lean faces before her. Who else but Meg could have made one dress and one pair o' pants fit six folks?

'It's lucky three of you's girls an' three's boys an' there's one o' both kinds in each layer,' went on Meg, after a moment. 'That's the only way I could've thought it out. Yer see, I shall do the bastin' to-night, an' it'll jest be unbastin' to-morrer— that ain't wicked. Yes jest ketch hold of the thread an' pull, yer see. Now stand up, the hull lot o' yer, an' let me measure yer.'

For seven months fourteen-year-old Meg had kept the little brood of Cooks together—ever since the widowed mother had died. Her own small earnings, helped out by Jemmy's still smaller ones, had furnished the barest necessities of life. That was all Meg could do, except the stories to piece out. The grim specter of the orphan asylum was always hovering over them, but Meg set her small white teeth and fought it off. Never, if she could help it!

Easter morning was glorious. The earth, the sky, the birds, celebrated His rising. And over the still, radiant world the Easter bells rang out, jubilantly, peal on peal—the clear air vibrated with the joy of them.

'Hark, will yer!' cried Meg, softly, leading her first little 'layer' along the street. 'Hark! don't yer hear wot they're sayin'? "The Lord's rose up—rose up—r-o-s-e u-p. It's Easter Sunday—Easter Sun-d-a-y." Can't yer hear 'em say it, Little Un? Can't yer, Stevie? O, ain't it grand out here with them a-ringin' in yer ears an' the sun shinin' fit ter split, an'—an' Him rose up out o' the grave!'

From church to church they went, and peeped softly into the great swinging doors to see the wealth of Easter bloom. The wonder of the music and the sweet white lilies went home with them, in their faces. Then Meg let down the first tuck and the first hem and went back with her second 'layer.'

It was this time that the terrible thing happened. Meg, shooing her brood safely before her, was thrown down by a passing carriage and badly hurt. There was just a moment given her before the black cloud of unconsciousness settled upon her. She had time to search the startled faces that bent over her and pick out the kindest one. 'That man—him with the wi'skers,' she panted; 'he's the kindest one. I wisht he'd stoop—down—here. That's—right.' She rested for an instant, then went on. 'The other layer—them that's waitin' at home. If you'll take 'em to see the—flowers, Janie'll let—down—the—tucks.'

The next time Meg opened her eyes she was in a cool white bed and Jemmy was sitting at the foot, very still. In a dim, comfortable way she thought how queer it was to see Jemmy sitting still. Then her white lips moved,

'Why, I'm alive!' she whispered. 'I dreamed—I thought 'twas Easter mornin' an' I'd rose with Him.'

Jem sobbed with joy.

'No, sir, you didn't!' he quavered, eagerly. 'You never! You're in the hospittle, an' you're goin' to get well—there's a doctor told me so. An', Meg—O, Meg'—

'Yes, Jemmy, go on.'

'We're goin' to have a reg'lar rip-roarin' time, the hull lot of us, when you get well! That man, you know, that come home with Car'line and Jeffy'—

'The kindest one?' murmured Meg, suddenly remembering.

'Yes, him. Well, he's goin' to take care o' the children from now on, an' he's goin' to take care o' you. He ain't goin' to send us to the 'sylum—you ain't goin' to work—hip, hoor'—but Jem did not finish. A soft, white hand slid across his lips.

'Run away now,' the nurse smiled, kindly, 'Meg's got all the happiness she can bear to-day.'

And Meg sank off to sleep again and dreamed there were three little Easter dresses and three pairs of little trousers, and the kindest one was holding them out to her. And when she opened her mouth to thank him he seemed suddenly to grow very beautiful and gentle and radiant, like the Risen One Himself.

A Business Training

Whether a boy means to go into active business—or into profesional life—or whether he means to be a mechanic or a farmer—he will find greater success in any one of those lines if he he has a good business training when he is young.

It may not seem an extensive training to sell the 'Canadian Pictorial' from month to month, but as far as it goes it is all right. Every little helps, and some of the boys now on our working list—sending orders in promptly—keeping in touch with their customers—following up 'prospects,' (a good business word that, boys, look it up), in a persistent, but always courteous way—some of these boys will, we venture to say, be at the top of their chosen calling one of these days.

Are you in line to get some of this training? If so, we're glad to assure you, we take great interest and satisfaction in your success, and if not, well, we want to hear from you—we want to enroll you now, without delay.

Just a few words on a postal, and we send you a dozen to start out with, also a letter of instructions—further particulars to follow, if you are not perfectly clear on any point.

Address, JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal, Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

P.S.—We are sending out some invitations to enter our 'Portrait Gallery' this week. Look out for them.

Easter Morning.

Open, chrysalis,
  Open wide!
Here's a butterfly
  Caged inside.
Open, chrysalis!
  Butterflies
Love the sunshine
  And broad blue skies,

Bonny butterfly,
  Spread your wings!
O, the beautiful
  Golden things!
Now they tremble,
  And now they spread.
There! they circle
  Around my head.

Pretty butterfly,
  Where are you?
Lost somewhere
  In the upper blue?
Maybe—maybe,
  Some other day
I'll have wings
  And fly away.

—M. A. L., in the 'S. S. Messenger.'

A Beautiful Symbol.

Did you ever watch the life and resurrection of a butterfly? The caterpillar tied to earth, and earthly things, and unable to rise above them, even though it climbs as high as its little strength allows, then the change that wraps it in a sleep so like a death, then the miracle of the transformation that takes place in the silence and darkness of its silken casket, and at last the joy of broken bonds and the wonder of the wings and the power to rise and flit and soar high and far in new service to its Maker. Did you ever think what a beautiful symbol it was of your life and death, and the life after?

Fan Ah Woo's Easter Offering.

Fan Ah Woo is a funny name. It was the name of a strange little mite of humanity in queer, pointed shoes and gorgeous figured gown—a little girl who, for eight years, had looked gravely on the big world out of her bright, slanting eyes, and wondered what it all meant, and how she happened to stray in to it. That was in the past now—for nearly a year she had been wiser.

She had learned, too, about the Christ Child who came to the world that God had made, to teach everybody the lesson of love and giving, and now the day of his resurrection—the first Easter day of Fan Ah Woo's knowledge—was drawing near.

In the high window seat of her father's shop was a gorgeous Chinese jar, and in it a lily bulb was growing. It was the Chinese Sacred Lily, but never before devoted to the beautiful office for which little Fan Ah Woo intended this one. Every day for many weeks she had said a prayer that the God of the American would cause the lily to bloom that she might take it at Eastertide as an offering to the risen Christ. Even her mother, luke-warm in faith, and a frequent backslider, grew each day more earnest and thoughtful, watching the plant with suppressed interest.

When Easter dawned San Francisco was flooded with sunshine, as through the streets of Chinatown out toward the mission chapel Fan Ah Woo walked proudly, arrayed in her best, by her mother's side, carrying in her fat little arms the sacred lily.

As they were passing an alley a boy darted out.

'Hi there, heathen Chinee!' he called rudely, and shied a stone at the lily Fan Ah Woo was so tenderly guarding. Alas—the stone struck it, the stem snapped, and the beautiful lily hung its waxen head, limp and broken.

Poor little Fan Ah Woo burst into piteous sobbing, her heart as utterly broken as the lily.

When she had sobbed out her story to her beloved teacher, the lady put her arm about the little girl and drew her to her.

'Dear little Fan Ah Woo,' she said gently, 'let us talk about it together.'

'Oh,' cried Fan Ah Woo, still sobbing bitterly, 'it was for the Christ Child—all the way in the sunshine it sang a song, as all the other lilies in the chapel are lifting up their heads and singing now—but my beautiful lily will sing no more.'

There was something bright and shining in the young teacher's eyes as she replied tenderly, 'Listen to me, Fan Ah Woo. You say the other lilies are singing—but look at your beautiful flower—it has finished its song of praise and is bowing its head humbly, reverently. What do I do when I bow my head like that—what do you, Fan Ah Woo?'

A glad light dawned slowly in Fan Ah Woo's tearful eyes. 'Ah!' she said, in a hushed voice, 'the lily is praying.'

'See,' said her kind teacher, 'I will place it here, on the chancel above all the others. It is sweet and befitting to sing songs of praise, Fan Ah Woo, but when the spirit of the flower of the little child approaches its Maker in prayer, it mounts still higher.'—Elizabeth Vore, in the 'Western Christian Union.'

'He Burst the Bars of Death.'

(Belle V. Chisholm, in the 'Christian Observer.')

'What an ugly worm!' and Mrs. Welch turned quickly out of the path to avoid stepping on it, as her son came down the walk to investigate the 'fright.'

Rudolph, who was always on the lookout for odd specimens of bugs and insects, smiled at his mother's fears, and lifting it between two sticks placed it in a pasteboard box that had a glass cover. 'It is only a poor, tired, sleepy worm, mother, and couldn't hurt you, if it would. By and bye it will weave a blanket for itself, and rolling up in it, sleep the whole winter through.'

'You have odd taste, Rudolph,' returned the mother. 'It makes me shiver to look at it.'

'It is a very interesting bit of creation,' Rudolph insisted, carrying it to his room where a few days later he showed it to his mother with a few fine threads woven from the glass top to the worm. A week later, they looked at it together, and then the blanket was so thick that the worm could no be seen.

'Its work is done now, so I will leave the lid open the least bit to let it out when ready to fly,' said Rudolph.

The very next day he was taken with a fever, and after a short period of severe suffering, he passed away, leaving his mother, a childless, inconsolable widow. Rudolph had been a model son, a lovely Christian, with aims for a useful life fully developed in his brain, and it was hard for his mother to become reconciled to the sad providence that had bereft her of all that was near and dear to her. She knew Rudolph's spirit was with the Saviour, but she could not forget that his dear body was lying cold and silent under the ground.

One Sabbath morning—it was Easter Sabbath—while across the street the choir in the church was chanting:

> He arose, He arose;
> He burst the bars of death,
> And triumphed o'er the grave,

she fled to Rudolph's room, wishing to shut out the sound of the grand music.

The very first thing that she noticed was a beautiful yellow butterfly clinging to the window ledge. Amazed at such a vision, she glanced around to see how it gained access to the room. But every window was closed. Then, spying the open box in which Rudolph had placed the worm, she examined it, to find a hole in the cocoon, out of which the worm, changed into a gorgeous butterfly, had crept to spend its second summer floating in air, and sipping sweets from fragrant flowers.

Like a flash, the words of the anthem from which she had fled, 'He burst the bars of death,' came back to her with their true meaning: Christ had risen, bursting death's bars, and some day those that sleep in Him would rise likewise and be caught up to meet Him in the clouds.

An Easter Game.

The people of Holand are not much given to change, and, if you should chance to visit some of the eastern provinces about Easter time you would find the children of the peasantry following some of the old customs that have been in practice for hundreds of years.

One is called the 'Palm Paschen,' which really means, Palm Sunday, and for a whole week before Easter the boys and girls go from house to house begging for eggs.

They sing as they walk and carry the palm paschen, a long stick, with a green wreath on the end, in their hands. These are the words of their song:

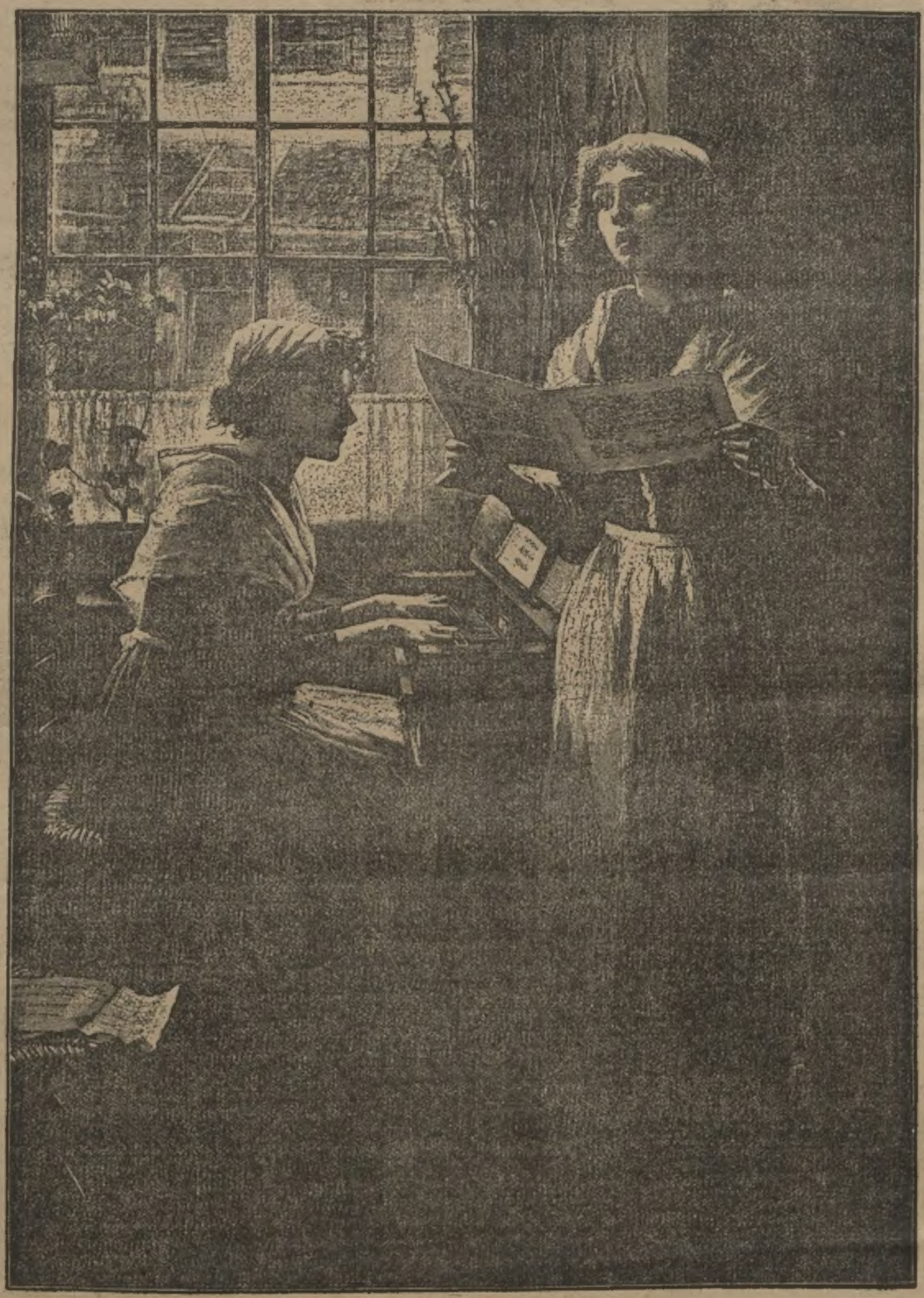
> 'Palm Palm Sunday,
> Hei kocerei.
> Soon if will be Easter,
> And we shall have an egg.
> One egg, two eggs.
> The third egg is the Easter egg.'

They knock at every farmhouse and are very seldom sent away empty handed.

When they have collected as many eggs as they wish, they boil them hard, stain them brown, with coffee, or red with beetroot juice, and when Easter Day comes they carry these eggs to the meadows and play what they call the 'Eiertikken.'

This game consists of sitting on the grass in a circle, each child knocking his egg against that of the child next to him, or her. It is usually done so that only one egg is broken, and the owner of the whole eggs is winner of the broken one.

The game ends when there are no more eggs to break.—'Enger.'



(After the picture by Walter Firle)—From 'Good Words.'

An Easter Song.

Sing, that the winter is over;
Sing for the coming of spring.
For the showers and flowers and beautiful hours,
And the flash of the robin's wing;
Sing for the gladness of Easter,
Lift up your voices and sing.

Deep in the heart of the forest,
Down in the roots of the trees,
There is stir of the violets coming,
And smile of anemones;
And many a kiss of fragrance
Goes out to the fragrant breeze.

Sing, for the coming of Easter,
And many a rare surprise
Of beauty and bloom awaiting
The looking of happy eyes.
Sing, for the Easter sunshine
And the blue benignant skies.

And carry the tall white lilies,
And the roses brimming sweet,
To the church where aisle and altar
Are sought by chastening feet;
Sing to the Lord of the Easter,
Who is coming your songs to meet.

—Exchange.

Here is a Book FREE Postpaid **Catalog *of* Spring Styles *and* Samples FREE**

New York Fashions

Made in Toronto **Made to Your Order**

An opportunity for every woman in Canada to choose her Spring Suit from the safest source and with surest satisfaction.

OUR GARMENTS ARE MADE TO ORDER

Not Ready-Made

Our prices are lower than your local store would ask for guess fits and ready-made garments.

Our styles—the exclusive New York Styles—are not obtainable from any other house in Canada.

Our catalog illustrates faithfully and describes fully everything that is fashionable in

Tailorod Suits, .	$8.50 to $35.00	Lingerie Shirt Waists	$1.25 to $3.00
Separate Skirts, .	4.50 to 15.00	Silk and Leather Belts	.25 to 2.00
Jackets .	5.00 to 20.00	Fancy Neckwear .	.25 to 2.00
Silk Eton Coats .	9.00 to 20.00	Silk Petticoats or Drop Skirt .	3.50 to 10.00
Silk outside Skirts	10.00 to 25.00		

We know that we can save you money no matter how little or how large the amount you desire to invest in your Spring wardrobe.

We are so sure of this that **we Guarantee to Fit you and to please you or promptly refund your money.**

Distance makes no difference for our service is the same to all as **we prepay the Express Charges to your home,** no matter where you live.

FREE We mail FREE and postpaid our Handsome Catalog, a large and well chosen assortment of latest Spring materials and complete self-measurement chart with simple directions for taking your own measurements at home.

Write for them—today, NOW while you have it in mind.

THE MORTON BROWNE CO., Limited, 112 Morton Browne Building Toronto, Ont.

Easter in the Home.

Easter has come, the dear, glad day, when for joy we feel inspired to sing in our hearts, for 'Christ is risen.' The long and penitential days are passed; we have reviewed our shortcomings, and resolved with fresh strength to 'turn over a new leaf,' to live better, accomplish more, reach higher; we feel lifted up, aided from above, we are carried beyond the cross; we hear the glorious watchword: 'Christ is risen.' It seems that the heavenly Father must look down with special tenderness on this glad and happy day. Let this thought draw us closer to him who never leaves unnoticed one of his little ones. For all is the joyous Easter day, with its comfortable associations, its holiest inspirations. Gathered are all in the arms of his love, for Christ is risen.

With earnest hearts let us mingle in the Easter carols in Gods house, and with hearts reaching out toward him who is risen. It is in harmony with the lessons of this blessed day that churches are beautified with many flowers, though but a few years ago Easter, and Christmas too, were slightly observed. Yet the beauty of the 'day and the deed' is year by year more fully appreciated, and almost all denominations are falling into these pleasant lines.

As well as our churches, our homes should be beautiful. They should be brightened up with flowers; now, if only once in all the year, 'bring flowers.' If we can but have one, that one must be an Easter lily, sweet emblem of purity, fit flower for to-day. Bring the flowers, and their fragrance will sweeten this 'day of all the week the best.' So, a few Easter flowers, or a growing lily, sent, perhaps, to a poor or invalid friend, will carry very much of pleasure and comfort; yet, the greater joy is the giving.

Have a good dinner, especially, on Easter Sunday. Have it bounteous, and the table attractive as possible. Bring out the best linen, the prettiest, choicest, needlework, the finest china, for this is one of the happiest anniversaries in the whole year. Much more attention is paid to the beauty, the decoration of a dinner-table than was customary a score of years ago; there is more to choose from in fine wares and napery, as well as wider provision for the 'inner man,' not more bountiful of late, perhaps, but more varied. But on Easter day we must provide our best. The remembrance of the family gatherings on this day will have a long-felt influence upon our children. The sacred meaning of the day must leave only pleasant and helpful memories.

This suggestion of a generous and attractive dinner on Sunday may seem to some like ill keeping of this holy day, but it is not so, for materfamilias very well knows that the biggest part of a big dinner can be made ready the day before, on Saturday. So, though we may 'boil the teakettle on Sunday,' as the 'Pilgrim Fathers' would not do, we can have our good dinner on Easter, and bring home to it, to our 'own mahogany,' all the sons and daughters—all the family possible. How happy such reunions are! And such a glad day should see families reunited.

Do not forget the little folks. Take them in hand on Saturday, and help them to color their Easter eggs. Give them cochineal for the red and pink ones, prussian blue for the blue ones, both colors used together for the purple, saffron for the yellow, and saffron and blue combined for the green ones. A very little coloring is ample for a great many; boil them in it for a few minutes only. It will amuse and interest the children, and they should be told of the significance of Easter eggs. Very few children have any idea of the 'new life' they were intended to symbolize.

Make the day happy with trifling gifts. They impress and afterwards recall the associations of the day. It is wonderful how lasting an impression upon the mind of a child a small present will make, and often upon the minds of 'children of larger growth' as well.

This day means so much, commemorates so much, in our hearts, our homes, our churches, to us and ours and to all the 'children of men,' it seems, as the cycling years go and the joyful day comes round, we must be happy.—The 'Observer.'

The Easter Sun.

'But he will come!'

'Are you sure, Celia?'

'O, yes, sir.'

'But this is the third morning that we have been out here, and we haven't seen the sun rise yet.'

'O, well, it was cloudy. I am not sure about this morning, but I think it will be all right.'

'How do you know the sun will rise at all, Celia?'

'God says so, or it is as good as that what the Bible says. Then it will be so, must be so.'

'Because God says so.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Humph!'

That was all he said.

He was one of the boarders in the hotel back in the seaside village, and it was not the season when the seashore generally attracted visitors, yet he had come and found constant fascination in that sea restlessly roaring along the rock shore. Celia was the landlord's daughter. The boarder had asked that he might be reasonably awakened any morning that promised to give a sunrise view. This was the third attempt to see the sun rise out of the great, gray, watery waste. Celia, fond of early rising, happened to be up, and had been accosted by the boarder standing on the hotel piazza. But this morning, would there be a clear coming of the sun out of the east?

'O, look!' she suddenly cried, and pointed toward the east.

Up to the quiet surface of the sea, a mysterious bubble of gold seemed suddenly to have risen, and there it floated. It did not break, this one little fairy sphere of fire. It grew. It enlarged into a crown. It swelled into a gorgeous dome resting on invisible pillars. It rose higher, rounded out into an immense ball of flame, and then swinging clear of the ocean, slowly rolled away in its solitary, dazzling course. It had been easily followed thus far by the eye, but now the very intensity of its royal shining was its veil proptecting it from any curious inspection. Celia and her companion no longer could enjoy that wondrous spectacle in the heavens, and returned to the hotel.

'That was very fine, Celia. A man in the hotel yesterday, knowing I wanted to see the sun rise, said it ought to rise early on Easter day. That is the way he put it.'

'Yes,' she murmured, 'it is a good way.'

'Then you believe in Easter? What is Easter, though? Why do we call it so?'

'Why—why—the Saviour rose from the dead. That is what it is.'

'How do you know that he rose from the dead?'

'Why,' said the astonished Celia, 'the Bible says so. Don't you believe the Bible says so. Don't you believe the Bible?'

'Humph!' That was all he said.

In silence they walked to the hotel. Celia looked at her companion with an astonished air. Didn't he believe in the Bible? Didn't he believe what the Bible stated? The next day Francis Childs, the boarder, had a question to ask: 'If I go out on the marsh, how can I best go and have a good view of it from some point away out on the marsh?'

'If you take a path just back of the hotel —you can't miss the path—it will take you a half-mile, yes, a good half-mile—out to Back River. Then it turns just round a haystack —you can't miss it—and the path comes back to the path you went out on.'

'Then I will go. Thank you.'

'You take my word for it?' She was smiling.

'O, yes,' he told her. 'Don't you think so?'

'Yes, I do, sir.'

They separated.

'What did that girl mean when she asked if I would take her word?' wondered the boarder.

She told her grandmother a few minutes later what she meant, first giving an account of all that had happened previously. 'I asked him, grandmother, if he would take my word for it. I hope I didn't do anything rude; I didn't mean it. I was wondering why he wouldn't take the Bible's word, God's word, yesterday, when I knew he would take mine. Perhaps I ought to explain to him. I—I—would like to do something, and not have him feel so about the Bible, but I am only a girl.'

'Well, dear, the way may open so you can do as you think you would like. I think where we are earnest to do a good thing, God will show us some way to get to the doing of it.'

Celia's way came sooner than she expected.

In the afternoon, Mr. Childs told Celia he was going to take a walk out on the marsh, and added: 'What were you thinking of when you wanted to know if I would take your word?'

She hung her head.

She said in a low tone: 'You—won't be offended—I—I—know. I was wondering if you —you—took—my word and trusted it—why —you didn't take God's word in his Bible?'

'Humph!'

That was all the answer the boarder made.

He turned his face toward the marsh and sought and found the path leading out upon its green, level, far reaching surface. He found, just as Celia had said, that it reached to a river. Here he stopped and looked all around him.

'What a big, flat thing it is, this marsh!' he exclaimed. So wide, just one vast floor of green under the wide, blue sky!

But what did he see coming in from the ocean?

'Mist!' he said. 'It looks like a great host coming on, covering and taking possession of everything.'

He watched it till he and the haystack where he had halted, were prisoners, encircled by the mist that had stolen in noiselessly from the sea.

Then he concluded he would not stay a prisoner. Turning to the haystack, he followed what he called 'Celia's path.'

'I should not like to get lost upon this marsh,' he reflected. 'But Celia's path won't let me. And I take her word for it that the path will bring me home—O, didn't that girl talk to me! I know she is right. Why don't I take God at his word? I—I—am not what I ought to be. Once I was as set about praying as I suppose Celia is, but I seem to have got over those things. I wonder if they are buried in me! There was Jesus—why, I thought so much of him! Is he buried, too? I don't like to think I have a tomb in my heart where so many things are buried. O, dear! How that girl's words have stirred me up!'

His next feeling was that of anger to think he should have given so much attention just to what a girl said—and—what next?

Pushing along through the mist, following Celia's path, he came to another.

'There!' he exclaimed. 'Now this new way strikes off from Celia's just at this post here, and it goes in the same direction and will take me back. I shall not come out at the hotel, but doubtless not far from it. It will be all right. I should like to get back and not use Celia's path, for that would spoil all her fine thinking about the Bible and so on.'

He travelled the new way, but he had his misgivings all the time. He reached a muddy, dismal creek! Off in the water, beyond his reach, he saw a boat tied.

'Well, well!' he said. 'I am stuck! If I had that boat and could get across, I don't know where it would land me—or—yes, it would land me on the other shore, but what on the other shore would I do, which way would I go? There would be the boat, too, and somebody might think I had stolen it, for I could not get it back. No, I must stay on this side —no, I must go back to Celia's path! And it is growing dark! O, what a fool!'

He retraced his way, but what an evil time he had! In the thickening of the shadows, as the path was a faint one, he lost it twice, and got into a bog once. With what satisfaction he came to the post that was a guide board as if saying: 'This is Celia's path and you had better take it!'

He took the path for whose trustworthiness he had Celia's word, and it led him quickly home.

How good the lights of the hotel looked flashing a welcome out upon the lonely marsh! 'I have done some serious thinking to-day,' he murmured. 'I am going to take God's way.'

That evening, a man on his knees was making his confession to God above, an open Bible lying on the chair at which he knelt.

'Forgive me, Father,' he cried, 'for not taking thee at thy word and following thy paths lovingly! Forgive me, O forgive me!'

In that hour, how many things he had lost sight of, that had been buried in his soul, now came again and stood before him! And one beautiful object was his Saviour rising up before him like the Easter sun that came up out of the sea.—Edward A. Rand, in the New York 'Observer.'

O wondrous death of Christ! may we
Be made to live to Christ by thee!
O deathless death, destroy our sin,
Give us the prize of life to win!

—'Adam of St. Victor.'

Religious Notes.

A German statistician has been, for several years, compiling statistics to show the relative number of persons in that country passing from Romanism to Protestantism, and vice versa. The two parties are quite well balanced, though it has been thought that Romanism was rather gaining than losing ground. Pastor Schneider finds that during the past fourteen years ten thousand Protestants became Roman Catholics, but during the same period seventy-six thousand Roman Catholics became Protestants.

Swindon Tabernacle, England, contains 400 Christian Endeavorers, grouped in a Young People's, an Intermediate, and a Junior society. These Endeavorers are divided into four mission bands, which go to outlying places every Sunday for evangelistic work. In summer they have, in addition, two bands that conduct open-air services. The Endeavorers also support a little Hindu orphan girl. Of their former members, one is a missionary in China, two are missionaries in Algeciras. Another, a young surveyor, intends to go to West Africa as an engineer missionary. Still another is studying in London in a nurses' home to qualify for foreign missions, and one more is studying in Edinburgh University for a doctor's degree, in order to become a medical missionary.

A vast amount of information about the Salvation Army is found in 'The Year Book for 1907.' There is a history of the Army's doings. Its 'Great Mission Field' is reviewed, continent by continent, and country by country. Preparations are being made to 'open fire' in Austria. There are 37 divisions, 1,172 ordinary corps, 91 'circle' corps, and 136 additional societies. There are 756 homes and branches, in which some 50,000 distressed people are assisted daily. About £72,726 was raised by the Army's self-denial effort last year. An introduction by General Booth declares that the social work is disinterested, 'and is neither a bait nor a bribe to people to become Salvationists.' The balance sheet shows an expenditure from the Central Fund of £56,399. The income included £23,179 from Social League subscriptions, £11,305 grant from Self-Denial Fund, £10,830 from 'Light Brigade' collecting boxes, and £5,465 from the late Mr. Herring for fitting up a shelter. The total liabilities of the 'Darkest England' scheme are £298,740, which is covered by the assets.

When the Rev. Dr. Barclay, of the English Presbyterian Mission visited Siaulang in October, and baptized fifteen adults, with ten children, he made the following entry in the Book of Candidates: 'The movement in this region seems one of the most remarkable in the history of the mission. The facility with which the Gospel spreads strikes one. Five years ago, there was no public meeting for worship; now there are three, with 200—300 regular worshippers. The main influence, according to the people themselves here, seem to have been the hospital and Brother Tsui-ka. There seems no ulterior motive influencing the people.'

More recently, the Rev. Mr. Campbell of the Presbyterian Mission, visited the place, and was kept busy examining nearly fifty candidates for baptism. About 300 people from some twenty-four villages were present at both services on Sunday. The 'chapel' was three old tumble-down shops knocked into one. The communion-table was placed against the south gable, but the elements had to be speedily removed when it was seen that the umbrellas held up failed to protect them from rain, which came driving in through great apertures in the wall.

The poor people who come to worship at Siau-lang have promised to subscribe 1,200 gold yen toward the expense of putting up a new chapel. The missionaries are now reaping the results of quiet steady work carried on among many who came only for bodily healing, but who returned with longing and impressions which have ripened into a life of trust and obedience to Christ.

Correspondence

S., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am ten years of age. I have one mile to go to school. I have sold 72 copies of the 'Canadian Pictorial' this winter. My father is a lumberman, and has a saw mill. There is a lake near here which is called Doe Lake, and we can go for a row in the summer. It is very nice here in the summer. S. station is on the Canada Atlantic Railway branch of the Grand Trunk. We have a pony called Sandy. We are having a very nice winter here. We have lots of snow and good sleighing. We have quite a few deer here. I think the hunters shot eight deer, and two moose. In the fall they were quite a sight. I had a photo taken of them.

HAROLD DEANS.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy twelve years old. I live on a farm five miles from the railway station. I have four brothers and three sisters. We have two teams of horses, and my father is away working with one team. We had the measels this winter.

W. PROUTY.

P., Man.

Dear Editor,—I have been an interested reader of your paper ever since I learned to read. My father has taken the 'Messenger' ever since it was published, and I don't know what we would do without it now. I go to school, and am in the eighth grade. As it is a country school, it is not very large. One of my sisters and my brothers were school teachers, and I intend to be one also.

We have had a very severe winter in the North-West, many people suffering from the scarcity of fuel. However, we were lucky, as we had enough fuel to last us through the winter. Like most of the Western girls, I am a 'Jack of all trades.' That is, I am housekeeper, schoolgirl, and everything else at different times. A large creek runs through our farm, and as we own a boat, we have lots of fun rowing in the summer.

M. E. L. McLAREN.

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have not read any letters from W., I thought I would write. I will be ten years old in April, and am in the third book at school. I am not going to school these weeks, as I have been sick with the grippe. We have been having a very nice winter. The crows are coming back from the south now. My sister Maggie has a pet hen and rooster. I will close with some riddles: 1. Out in my father's field there stands a red heifer; if you give it feed it will live, but if you give it water it will die? 2. Why do weddings occur in winter? 3. Spell a red running robe in three letters.

ZELLA J. TURNEY.

OUR PICTURES

1. 'A Butterfly.' Madeline Clarge (aged 11), H., Ont.
2. 'A Pansy.' Hilda I. Wallace (aged 11), R., Man.
3. 'A Butterfly.' Dave Armbstrong, E., Ont.
4. 'Easter Bunnies.' Violet Smith, M., Que.
5. 'Leaves.' Alethea Murrell (aged 10), C. H., B.C.
6. 'Butterfly.' F. R. Burford (aged 8), H., Ont.
7. 'Easter Chicken.' Hugh Robertson (aged 7), P., Ont.
8. 'Dove and Flowers.' Ida Braithwaite, M., P. Que.
9. 'Bluebird.' Charles Brown (aged 11), C., Ont.
10. 'Duck.' O. B. Seale (aged 9), M., P. Que.
1. 'Little Robin.' Verna E. Ferguson (aged 9), P., Ont.
12. 'A Flower.' Evelyn Johnson (aged 13), A., Mass.
13. 'Rabbits.' Wallace McBain (aged 8), A., Ont.
14. 'Goosy, Goosy Gander.' Alice —— (aged 11), M., Man.
15. 'An Easter Chicken.' Edith Lambert (aged 10), S. S. M., Ont.
16. 'A Spring Flower.' Laura Dunbar (aged 9), P., Ont.
17. 'Where is Our Dinner?' Frederick R. Burford (aged 8), C. P., Ont.
18. 'Chicks.' Eileen Smith (aged 8), M., P. Que.
19. 'A Partridge.' S. Jackson, G. B., Ont.

L. T., N.S.

Dear Editor,—There are three in our class. We have a fine place at school to coast on. I will send some riddles: Why is it dangerous to take a nap on a train? When is a boat like a pile of snow?

MYRTLE E. JOHNSON.

OTHER LETTERS.

We were very pleased to receive a number of letters from the scholars of one school at Pipestone, Man., and we hope to publish shortly several of these at the same time.

Verna Johnson, C., Ont., says they have a thousand pupils in their school, which is a fine large one. It would need to be to hold all those scholars.

Catherine A. K., T., Ont., sends in a number of riddles, but only one is new to this page —When are debts like coffee?

C. J. Heggart, W., Ont., describes his home as 'a very rough, rocky place.' A fine place to grow story boys and girls in, that ought to be.

Constance Airriess, A., Ont., is only nine years old, but she has not missed a day since school started.

Edna Parker, N. B., N.S., has twin sisters. Are they much alike, Edna?

Emma Schafer, I., Alta, sends this riddle—Long, tall, great, and small, wears shoes and has none.

Rosa A. Pflug, W., Ohio, answers Ethel S. A.'s second riddle (March 15)—A chimney, and Anson Pitt's (March 15)—Because the worse people are the more often they visit them. Your riddles have been asked before, Rosa.

Elsie Doxsee, M., Ont., also sends in a riddle that has been asked before.

Frances F. Kennedy, C, N. C., N.S., and Roy A. Hincheliffe, G., Ont., both say that they like the continued story now running in the 'Messenger.'

Florence C. McLaren, P., Man., likes reading and spelling best of all her studies. Don't you think you could draw if you tried, Florence, especially since you like to see the pictures which others draw?

Christy Munro, T. B., N.S., sends two riddles, but forgot to send the answers. It must be nice to have a brother of the same age, like you have, Christy; what chums you must be.

Willie Willcox, S. A., Ont., lives close to a big saw-mill. That means a lot of fun and such interesting things to see. We hope your father is quite well by now. When you write next, Willie, tell us about the mill.

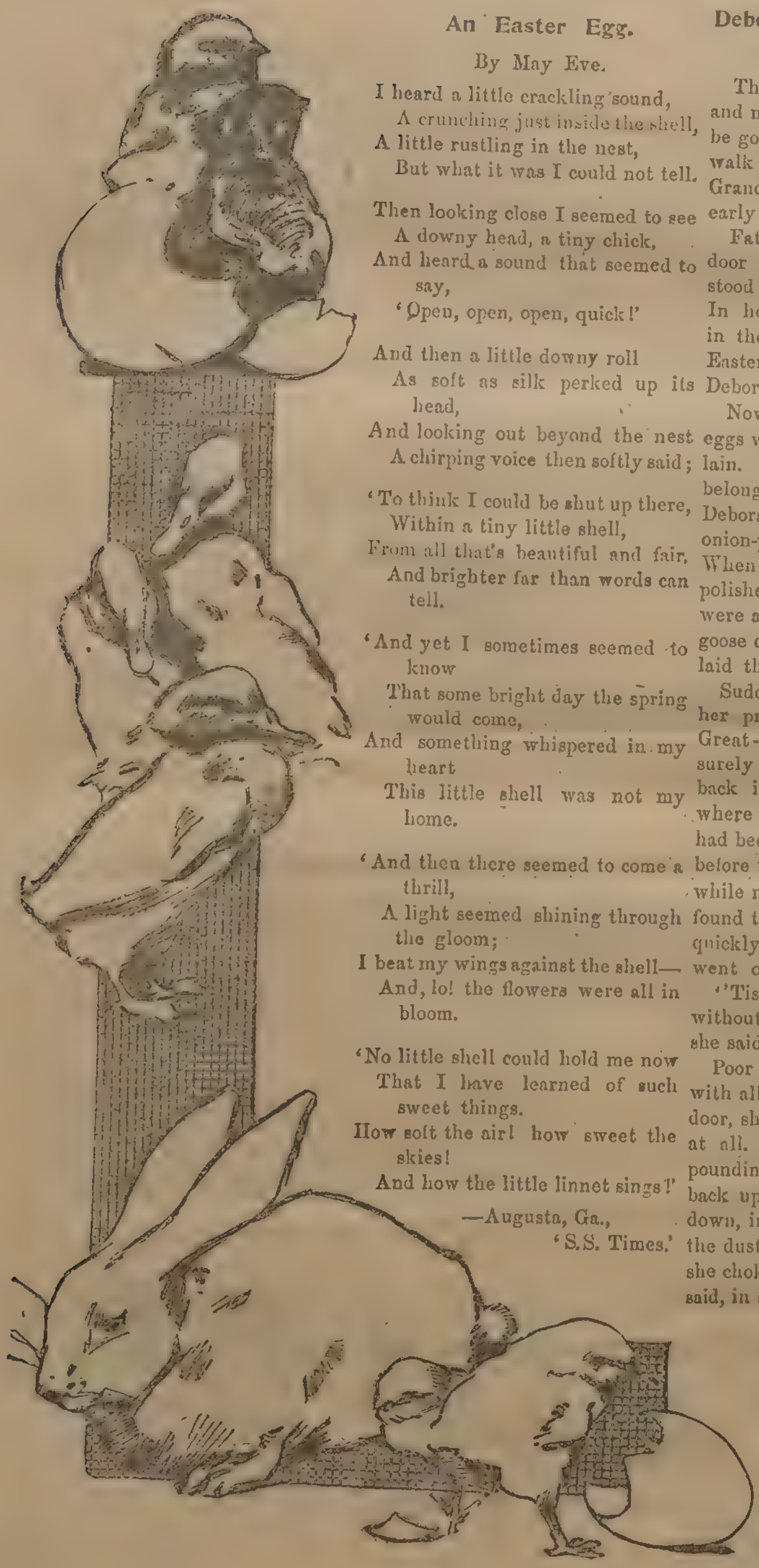
We also received short letters from Eileen Smith, M., Que.; Sarah C. Cameron, D., Ont.; 'Otter,' W., Ont.; Edith Raven, P., Que.; and Bessie Templeton, T., Ont.

Now the Editor wants to give every one of the correspondents and the readers of the 'Messenger' a very hearty Easter greeting. And don't let us forget while we are pleased with candy eggs, pretty cards, and dear little fluffy chicks, the great and glorious truths which we keep in grateful remembrance at Easter.

Doll's Patterns for Nimble Fingers

INFANT DOLLS' INDOOR SUIT. INFANT DOLLS' OUTDOOR SUIT.

Eight different sets, each comprising three to six separate garments. Cut in medium size only, but may be altered to suit larger or smaller dolls. Any four sets for twenty cents, single sets, ten cents, or five cents if sent with some other order. Address, PATTERN DEPT., 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian Homestead,' 'Witness' Block, Montreal.



An Easter Egg.

By May Eve.

I heard a little crackling sound,
A crunching just inside the shell,
A little rustling in the nest,
But what it was I could not tell.

Then looking close I seemed to see
A downy head, a tiny chick,
And heard a sound that seemed to say,
'Open, open, open, quick!'

And then a little downy roll
As soft as silk perked up its head,
And looking out beyond the nest
A chirping voice then softly said;

'To think I could be shut up there,
Within a tiny little shell,
From all that's beautiful and fair,
And brighter far than words can tell.

'And yet I sometimes seemed to know
That some bright day the spring would come,
And something whispered in my heart
This little shell was not my home.

'And then there seemed to come a thrill,
A light seemed shining through the gloom;
I beat my wings against the shell—
And, lo! the flowers were all in bloom.

'No little shell could hold me now
That I have learned of such sweet things.
How soft the air! how sweet the skies!
And how the little linnet sings!'

—Augusta, Ga.,
'S.S. Times.'

Deborah, Cynthy, and the Golden Easter-Eggs.

The day before Easter, father and mother were going to town to be gone all day. Deborah was to walk to grandma's, two miles away. Grandpa would bring her home early next morning.

Father was waiting at the side door for mother, while Deborah stood by the gate to see them off. In her hand was a basket, and in the basket were two beautiful Easter-eggs for great-grandma, Deborah Abigail.

Now, Deborah lived before Easter-eggs were made of satin and porcelain. These Easter-eggs had once belonged to the speckled hen. Deborah had boiled them with onion-peelings in the big kettle. When she had taken them out, and polished them with butter, they were as bright and yellow as if the goose of the golden eggs had really laid them herself.

Suddenly Deborah remembered her pretty square of patchwork. Great-grandma Deborah would surely ask for them. So she flew back into the house to the attic where the box of blocks and 'pieces' had been left. It was some time before the box was found. Meanwhile mother, hurrying downstairs, found the attic door open, closed it quickly, snapped the lock, and went on.

''Tisn't just like Debby to go off without saying good-by to mother,' she said, as they drove away.

Poor little Deborah! Pounding with all her strength on the attic door, she wasn't having a good time at all. At last, worn out with pounding and screaming, she climbed back up the steep stairs, and sat down, in a forlorn little heap, on the dusty floor. She didn't cry—she choked once or twice; then she said, in a strained little voice:

'I know Great-grandma Deborah Abigail will be very much disappointed.'

Her eyes fell on the box of patchwork.

'I s'pose I may as well piece a block,' she said, soberly.

The block was of purple and buff calicoes. When

Deborah was an old lady, the sight of it in the big bed-quilt always brought back to her the dim, dusty attic.

Outside, the boughs of the old apple-tree nodded and nodded. Deborah's brown head nodded, too. Soon she was sound asleep.

. . . . . .

She woke with a start. Over in the darkness of one corner two big round eyes were staring at her. Poor, frightened little Deborah! How she screamed as those great, fiery eyes came slowly toward her! She hid her face in her hands, and crouched down close to the window. Then a friendly voice said, 'Mi-owl' Down came the little hands.

'Oh, you dear, dear Cynthy-cat!' said Deborah, with a big sob of joy. 'How in this world did you get into this dreadful place! And what did you come for?'

Cynthy arched her black, satiny back. The first question she didn't answer—that was her secret; but the second: She purred loudly, and trotted across the attic. Deborah followed quickly. There, in an old basket, lay three big, beautiful kittens.

Deborah took the fluffy balls of fur into the sunshine. She forgot that she was shut up in the attic. She gently poked them all wide awake, then sung them to sleep again with, 'Hush, my dear! lie still and slumber.'

All at once Deborah grew as pale as such a rosy-cheeked little girl could. What if she should starve? Cynthy grew hungry, too. She stretched herself, and began to sniff at the basket of Easter-eggs.

It seemed an hour later when a very hungry little girl slowly cracked the shell of one of those precious yellow eggs.

'Great-grandma Deborah Abigail would rather we'd eat one than have us starve,' she said, as she divided the egg carefully between them. Cynthia purred and licked her chops. She liked eggs.

After Deborah had counted hundreds of minutes, another golden egg was cracked and eaten. Then she knelt down, her sober little face pressed close against the window-pane. The sunbeams no longer came into the attic. It must be almost night, she thought.

By and by along the road came the high buggy. In it were the two dearest people in all the world. Deborah pounded and called. But the buggy went on around the house. Deborah ran down and banged her brown fists against the door. But no one heard. Quite tired she crawled back.

'It's no use, Cynthy,' she said; 'we've got to stay all night.'

Cynthy purred, and Deborah said her 'Now I lay me' prayer all through twice. Then she shut her eyes. But, some way, they would not stay shut.

Suddenly Cynthy sat up, took one of her kittens, and ran away. Five minutes later, mother heard a faint 'Mew' at the kitchen door.

'There's Cynthy come back!' she said. Then, as Cynthy came in and proudly laid down her soft burden, mother added: 'And with a kitten, too! How pleased Debby will be!'

Cynthy was a great pet, and, when she insisted upon showing mother where the rest of her family was hidden, mother said, 'Well, well, Cynthy,' and went with her.

Ten minutes later, poor Deborah was brought down into the big kitchen. Such a time followed!

'And, O mother!' she said, between big mouthfuls of bread and milk—'O mother, we should have starved—I know we should—without those Easter-eggs!'

Father laughed.

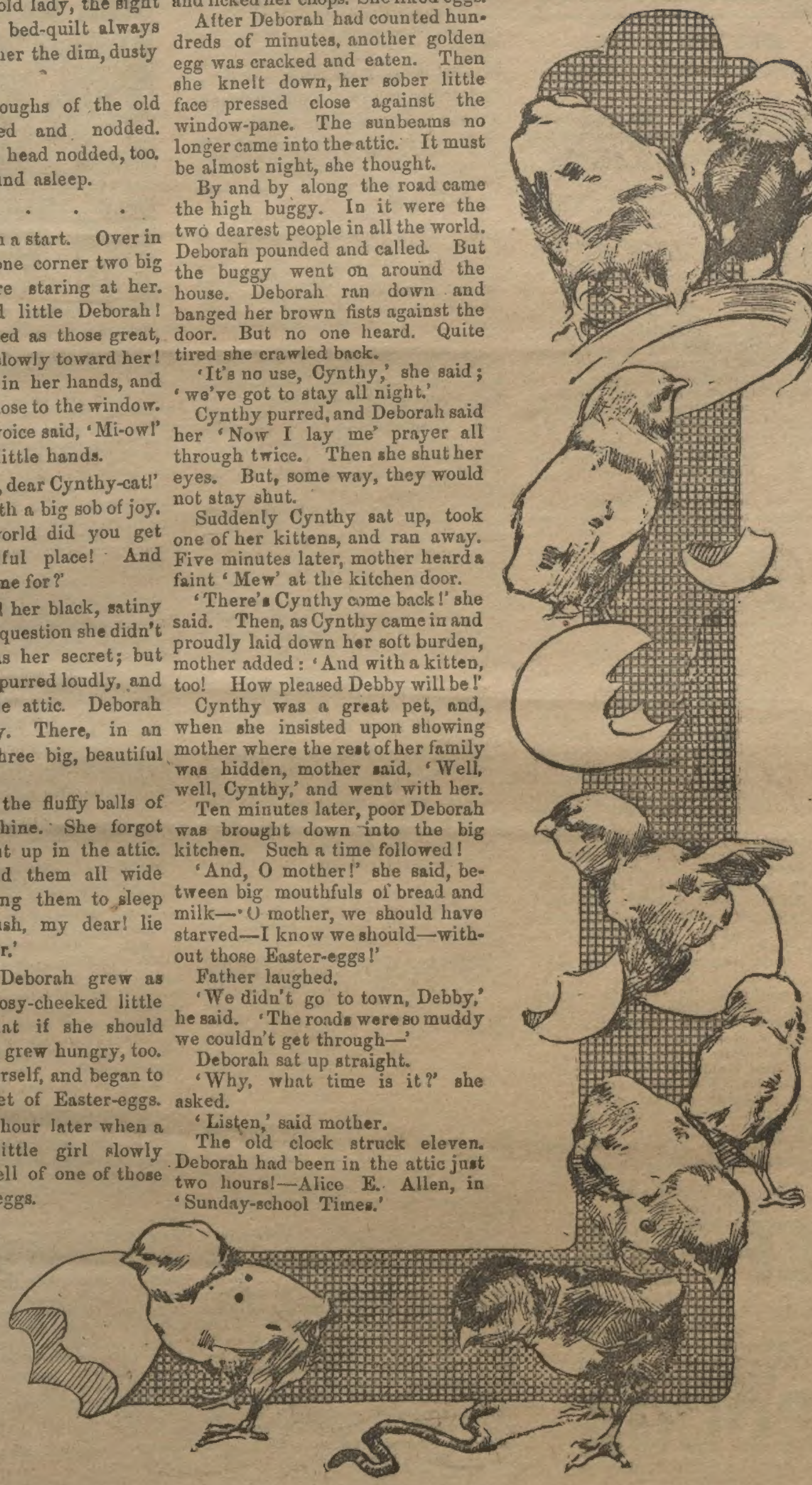
'We didn't go to town, Debby,' he said. 'The roads were so muddy we couldn't get through—'

Deborah sat up straight.

'Why, what time is it?' she asked.

'Listen,' said mother.

The old clock struck eleven. Deborah had been in the attic just two hours!—Alice E. Allen, in 'Sunday-school Times.'



HOUSEHOLD.

Miss Avery's Lilies.

(Mrs. F. M. Howard, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

'A box for you, mum,' The round, red face of the good-natured expressman beamed upon Miss Avery genially. 'All the way from Californy, too. Guess you must have relations out there.'

Miss Avery shook her head. ' 'No, not a one, Mr. Joliffe. Is it prepaid?' anxiously.

'Prepaid, mum—all genteel and trig. Might be gold bricks if it was a leetle heavier,' and laughing at his own joke, Mr. Joliffe turned away, leaving Miss Avery and her box in the little hallway.

'Who can have sent it?' she asked herself, running over in swift review her list of friends; only one whom she could think of had ever lived in California, Maria East, and she was there temporarily for her health. It must be Maria she said to herself, as she lifted the box, not a heavy one, and carried it into the sunny little sitting-room, and her thoughts flew back instantly to the days when she and Maria went to school together, slept together, and shared all each other's joys and sorrows like sisters, as they were in heart.

The box cover was soon lifted and a letter appeared on top, and underneath it the queerest kind of a gift, rows of what might be apples, potatoes or onions, each wrapped carefully in paper, but Miss Avery eagerly opened the letter before unwrapping even one of the mysterious parcels.

'My Dear Janie,' she read in her friend's well-remembered handwriting, 'I am sending you an Easter remembrance in advance of the season, but I think you will enjoy it the more for that. I remember your love for Easter lilies and how carefully you cherished one poor little stalk once on a time, which we both remember, and then gave the lilies it bore to a friend, who was poorer than yourself, and I am sorry to say, less patient and generous. I am living next door to a lady who makes a business of raising Easter lilies for market, and oh how I wish you could see her fields in bloom, acres on acres, and it brought tears to my eyes last Easter as I thought of you and your one little treasure of long ago, and I resolved then and there that this year you should have for once all the Easter lilies you could want. By this you know what is in the box, and I shall enjoy the odor of Mrs. Kanns' wonderful lilies the better for knowing that you are enjoying a part of them at home.'

Miss Avery unpacked her box with smiles and tears combined when she had finished her letter. She had not felt well in the morning, and also lonely and forsaken, small and useless, a most miserable feeling, caused, no doubt, by a piece of rich mince pie sent in by an injudiciously generous neighbor, which had disturbed her dreams and her digestion. Then, too, she had an unfortunate habit of self-depreciation, even without the help of pie, and the warm, wholesome words of friendship did her good.

There were dozens of them, the brown, homely things, each with its possibility of beauty and fragrance hidden within it, and Miss Avery fairly hugged them in her delight. She was quite an expert florist, and knew just what to do with them, and the remainder of her day was a happy and busy one, as she prepared soil, which she always kept in her cellar over winter for early planting, and found places for even the least of the bulbs.

'I shall have enough for a row all around the pulpit,' she said to herself, joyfully. 'It always hurts me when I can't give the committee but one or two little offerings for the Lord's house at Easter. I guess Maria thought of that.'

Whatever Maria thought of, the lilies took to their new surroundings most kindly, and in a few weeks every bulb had thrown up a strong, thrifty stalk of green, with every indication of abundant bloom. The kitchen and sitting-room were full of them in every available shelf and window, and an obliging neighbor loaned her a large plant stand for the rest.

'Dear me, Miss Avery, I should think you would get tired of fussing over such a great batch of them,' she said, as she watched the little woman arranging her plants.

'There isn't one too many,' cried Miss Avery, almost indignantly. 'I love them, every separate one, and I have never had enough before to satisfy at all. I'd take care of twice as many if Maria had sent them.'

The fame of Miss Avery's Easter lilies began to go abroad, and many came to see them as they grew. Children watched the green, thrifty stalks lovingly, and little lame Jamie Knox came hobbling in on his crutch to look at them when the tall flower buds began to shoot up. 'My, but you've got a lot of 'em, Miss Avery,' he said, his eyes wandering from one to another hungrily. 'I had a Neaster lily once, but I didn't get to see it blow.'

'Why not?' asked Miss Avery, picking off an imperfect leaf from one of her pets.

'Something happened to it—an accident,' replied the child, a flush rising to his thin face. 'Father he——'

'Never mind, dear,' Miss Avery interposed, gently. She had seen Jerry Knox staggering into his poor home too often not to guess at once what had happened to the Easter lily, and when the child went home he had one of the pots, carefully covered with papers, gathered in his left arm, his pale little face fairly transfigured with joy.

'Grandma Lee is down again with rheumatism. Poor old soul, if her crown is burnishing with suffering it will be a shining one,' said Mrs. Graham, another neighbor, one morning. Miss Avery lived in a friendly neighborhood, where people threw shawls over their heads, and 'ran in' at all hours of the day, an old-fashioned custom which has its pleasures as well as its disadvantages. 'She has been planning so on going to Easter service this year, and now she is flat on her back. It just seems as if some folks didn't get anything but disappointments and pains in this world.'

'That is Calvary, but remember, Mrs. Graham, that after Calvary comes Easter,' replied Miss Avery, gently, 'and Grandma's Easter, we all know, will be complete and triumphant. Someway my thoughts have been on Easter more than ever this year.'

'Well, I should think so, with all this house full of lilies,' Mrs. Graham rejoined with a laugh.

'What I meant to say was, that more than ever before Easter means triumph to me. We see the lilies as they are to-day, the brown root doing its work in the soil, the leaves and stalks doing their duty as best they can, but the glory of the plant remains to be revealed in the perfect lily blossom by and by.'

'Well, there'll be enough of it when it comes,' replied Mrs. Graham, quite ignoring the spiritual thought. 'I never saw so many lilies outside of a conservatory.'

'Lightly as they were spoken, the words, 'There'll be enough of it when it comes,' lingered strangely with Miss Avery after her caller had departed. 'Yes, we shall be satisfied,' she said to herself, as she went carefully over her field of lilies to select the thriftiest and best for Grandma Lee. 'Here we have the pain and toil of Calvary, there the glory and beauty of Easter in all its perfection.'

'Oh, thank you, dearie,' said Grandma Lee, delightedly, when Miss Avery uncovered her burden. 'I was just wishing I had something green and growing to look at. I get tired of looking at the quilt, though it has got some pieces in it that I set great store by, and the wall paper isn't very comfortin'. Those little figures on the ceiling look like a tumblin' lot of little boys, chasing each other full pelt. They make me so tired, always runnin' night an' day but never catchin' anything.'

'I should think they would grandma,' Miss Avery looked up at the ugly wall paper with a smile, 'but I think this will soon comfort you with fragrance and beauty,' and sitting down by the bedside she told the story of the box of bulbs.

'What an opportunity, dearie,' remarked the old lady. 'There are so many shut in by sickness and sorrow, so many of the least that you can do for. I almost envy you.'

'Yes,' replied Miss Avery, almost hesitatingly. 'I don't want to scrimp the church decorations, though. I've laid out to satisfy the craving I've had for so long to trim the altar for once with an abundant offering.'

'Ah, well, dearie, He knows, whether in secret or in His house, He knows how you want to honor Him, and will accept the gift wherever given.'

Day after day Miss Avery heard of new cases where the lilies might carry their Easter message to sick or sorrowing hearts, and before the opening of the first bud her supply was lessened by nearly half, but her heart was growing strangely warm and tender. It was as if each flower, as it went on its sacred mission, left behind it its odor and beauty to develop in her, and make her more loving and earnest, an alabaster box giving forth its fragrance only by usage.

'Oh, Miss Avery, how perfectly lovely they are. It seems a pity to disturb them,' cried Nettie Arlington. 'It is so lovely of you to be willing to loan them to us,' Miss Avery's class had come to carry the remaining lilies over to the church. They were in full bloom now, and the little house was redolent with perfume, while Miss Avery's cheeks were flushed with happy excitement as she loaded her pets into the arms of the waiting girls.

'Not good a bit girls,' she said, joyfully, as they all joined in Nettie's sentiment. It is such a pleasure for me to do it. There, go along, dears, and I will bring what is left.'

'Aren't you going to leave even one teeny, weeny one for yourself, Miss Avery?' asked Nettie, as her teacher gathered up the few which remained.

'Not one; I will enjoy them the better when they come back if I lend freely.'

It was by far the happiest Easter Miss Avery had ever experienced, and she looked at the beautiful decorations of the church with eyes misty with tears. It was the first satisfying offering she had ever been able to make, and the music sounded sweeter and the sermon more touching because her lilies were there, saying for her what she could not say for herself.

After the service someone touched her sleeve. It was lame Jamie. 'Oh, Miss Avery,

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

Brent Good

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ¼-lb. and ½-lb Tins.

you'd orter see my lily,' he said, his thin face beaming. 'Every bud is open—and—' he stretched up to whisper in her ear, 'father's tryin' to be good to-day, and he's comin' to meetin' to-night.'

'Isn't that beautiful,' she was saying to him, with a sympathetic pressure of the little hand on her arm, when Mrs. Graham came to her.

'Grandma Lee has gone home, Miss Avery,' she said, her voice unusually tender. 'She dropped away, almost in a moment—the disease struck to her heart, they think, and the last thing they heard her say was something about Solomon in all his glory. They've laid her out with one of your Easter lilies in her hand.

Miss Avery sat down, almost faint with surprise. 'Dear heart, she is having the happiest Easter of us all,' she said, in a trembling voice.

'Yes, and to think that your lilies were a comfort to her, even to her last breath. I shall never see one without thinking of her, for if I ever had a true friend and a tried, it was Grandma Lee.'

Miss Avery sat in her little room alone a few days later, writing to her friend with a full heart. 'You little know, dear Maria, how much good your beautiful gift has done. Not only has it cheered my own heart and given me untold pleasure, but it has reached out and blessed other hearts, of whom I can only mention a very few. It has brightened a drunkard's home, and roused thoughts which may yet work a complete reform; it has cheered the dying bed of one of God's sweetest saints, and has gone into home after home, where the fragrance and beauty of the lilies were a benediction. I cannot thank you, dear, as I should like to, with my voice and my arms around your neck as of old, but only with word and pen. It was a lovely thought, and it has borne lovely fruit, how lovely I think you and I will never know until we gather it in eternity.

EARN this beautiful Silver Nickel Stem Wind Watch. We want to introduce our late popular music in homes everywhere. This music is beautifully lithographed in colors with artistic title pages and will sell at sight, and includes some of the best songs ever written. We will send you free 25 copies assorted to retail at 10c. each. When sold return the $2.50 to us, and we will positively send you this beautiful watch—a watch you will be proud of.

COLLEGE MUSIC CO.
Dept. A, TORONTO, CANADA

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION RATES.
(Strictly in Advance).

Single Copies	$ .40 a year.
Three Copies, separately addressed if desired, for	1.00 ,,
Four Copies, separately addressed if desired, per copy	.30 ,,
Ten Copies or more, to one address, per copy	.20 ,,

Six months trial at half the above rates.

Postage included for Canada (Montreal and suburbs excepted); Newfoundland, Great Britain, Gibraltar, Malta, New Zealand, Transvaal, Jamaica, Trinidad, Bahama Islands, Barbadoes, Bermuda, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak Zanzibar, Hong Kong, Cyprus, also to the United States Alaska, Hawaiian Islands and Phillipine Islands.

Postage extra to all countries not named in the above is:

Samples and Subscription Blanks freely and promptly sent on request.

SPECIAL OFFER TO SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Any school that does not take "The Messenger," may have it supplied free on trial for three weeks on request of Superintendent, Secretary or Pastor, stating the number of copies required.

Answering Advertisements.

If 'Messenger' readers ordering goods advertized in the 'Messenger' will state in their order that they saw the advertisement in the 'Messenger,' it will be greatly appreciated by all concerned.

Pattern Catalogue.

For the convenience of the busy mothers into whose homes the 'Messenger' goes, we have arranged to supply a catalogue containing from 400 to 500 new designs for ladies', misses' and children's clothes, for spring and summer of 1907, all of which may be ordered through the 'Messenger' Pattern Department. The catalogue also contains practical illustrated hints on the making of fine lingerie and baby clothes. Send 10 cents in coin or stamps, writing name and address in full, that no mistake may occur. Be sure to mention the 'Northern Messenger,' or, if desired, the pattern coupons on this page may be used in ordering the catalogue.

The 'Witness' Flag Offer.

The cordial way in which our offer of free flags for school and home has been received in the past, gives us every confidence in re-opening our Flag Department for the Spring Campaign. Our flags range in size from two to four yards in length, and from one to two yards in width. They are all of uniform design, and are made of the best quality wool bunting; the 'jack' is sown, and not merely stamped; the corners are strengthened; the back is canvas-bound; and the flags are roped and toggled all ready for hoisting. These flags are given as premiums for new subscriptions to the 'Witness' publications. They are made by one of the largest flag firms in Great Britain, and as we import direct from the manufacturer we are enabled to give our subscribers the full benefit, as we are not doing this to make money, but to put a good flag in reach of every school.

These flags are given as premiums for new subscriptions to the 'Witness,' 'World Wide,' or 'Northern Messenger.'

Full particulars on application to Flag Dept., John Dougall and Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

'MESSENGER' COMBINATIONS

THE NORTHERN MESSENGER.

	Worth	For only
With the Daily Witness..... ..	$3.40	$3.10
With the Weekly Witness... . .	1.40	1.20
With World Wide, alone...	1.90	1.75
With both the Daily Witness and World Wide	4.90	3.30
With both the Weekly Witness and World Wide	2.90	2.20

The Canadian Pictorial (regular price, $1.00) may be added to any of the above clubs at 50c.
Or with the Messenger alone, both papers one year each, for $1.00

SPECIAL FAMILY CLUBS.

Daily Witness, World Wide, Canadian Pictorial, Northern Messenger, ...	$5.90	$3.70
Weekly Witness, World Wide, Canadian Pictorial, Northern Messenger...	$3.90	$2.70

These combination rates hold good (Montreal and suburbs excepted) nearly all over the English-speaking world; also to many foreign countries where extra newspaper postage is usually charged.

DO YOU WANT
A Watch and Chain
A Fountain Pen
A Jackknife ?

Earn one easily by selling the popular illustrated national monthly the **"Canadian Pictorial"** at ten cents a copy. Twelve for a knife, eighteen for a pen twenty-four for a watch, and six extra for the chain.

Write to-day for a package to start on and full instructions. JOHN DOUGALL & SON, 'Witness' Block, Montreal. Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

WOMAN'S SUITS, $4.50 to $12.50. Send for Fashions and Free Samples.
SOUTHCOTT SUIT CO., Dept. 1, London, Ont.

USE **BABY'S OWN** SOAP

For the Busy Mother.

Owing to a fire in the New York factory, we are unable to supply any pattern under No. 2000. Subscribers will please take note of this.

Where more than one pattern is wanted, additional coupons may be readily made after the model below on a separate slip of paper, and attached to the proper illustration.

NO. 5724.—A SMART 'JUMPER' WAIST.

A blouse waist that is extremely becoming is here illustrated. It was developed in pale gray taffeta, trimmed with braid and buttons in a darker shade. As designed, the garment is made to slip on over the head, but if preferred an opening may be made in front under the box-pleat. The tucks at the shoulders are stitched down for a short distance, and give a graceful amount of fulness in front. The sleeve caps are prettily finished in scalloped outline to correspond with the waist. Cashmere, delaine, wool batiste, peau de soie and satin are all suggested for reproduction. For 38-inch bust measure 3 3-4 yards of 27-inch material will be required. Sizes for 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust measure.

'NORTHERN MESSENGER.'

PATTERN COUPON.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

No.. .. ..

Size .. ..

Name .. ..

Address in full ....

.. ..

.. ..

.. ..

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern will reach you in about a week from date of your order. Price 10 cents, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address, 'Northern Messenger' Pattern Department, 'Witness Block,' Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

OVER EVERY SCHOOL A FLAG.

**"Then hail the flag, the bonny flag,
Of red, and white, and blue."**

Flag Song.

AN EMPIRE DAY FLAG RAISING.

If your school house cannot match this scene, in other words, if it has not a good flag, is your community doing its duty in its training of the citizens of the future?

You need a flag—a good flag. Let us help you to get one without taking one cent from school funds.

Various sizes, but only one quality—the **BEST.**

Testimonials from delighted schools all over the Dominion, not a dissatisfied note among them—all more than pleased with the result of their efforts.

Even if you have already a Union Jack, you will want a Canadian Ensign as well.

This offer is open to individuals, societies, clubs and Sunday Schools, as well as the public schools for whom it was first designed. See paragraph in this issue headed "'Witness' Flag Offer."

A post card will bring you full particulars.

Address **FLAG DEPARTMENT,** John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Block, Montreal.